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FAMILY PICTURE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A se suisque orfus, primum domum suam coercuit,
quod plerique haud minus arduum est, quam
provinciam regere.

Tac. in Vit. Agric.

La Magnanimité est un noble effort de l'orgueil par
lequel il rend l'homme maître de lui-même, pour
le rendre maître de toutes choses.

Rocheffoucault.

T H E
FAMILY PICTURE;
O R,
DOMESTIC DIALOGUES

O N
AMIALE AND INTERESTING SUBJECTS;

ILLUSTRATED BY
HISTORIES, ALLEGORIES, TALES, FABLES,
ANECDOTES, &c.

I N T E N D E D T O
STRENGTHEN AND INFORM THE MIND.

B Y
T H O M A S H O L C R O F T,
AUTHOR OF DUPLICITY, A COMEDY.

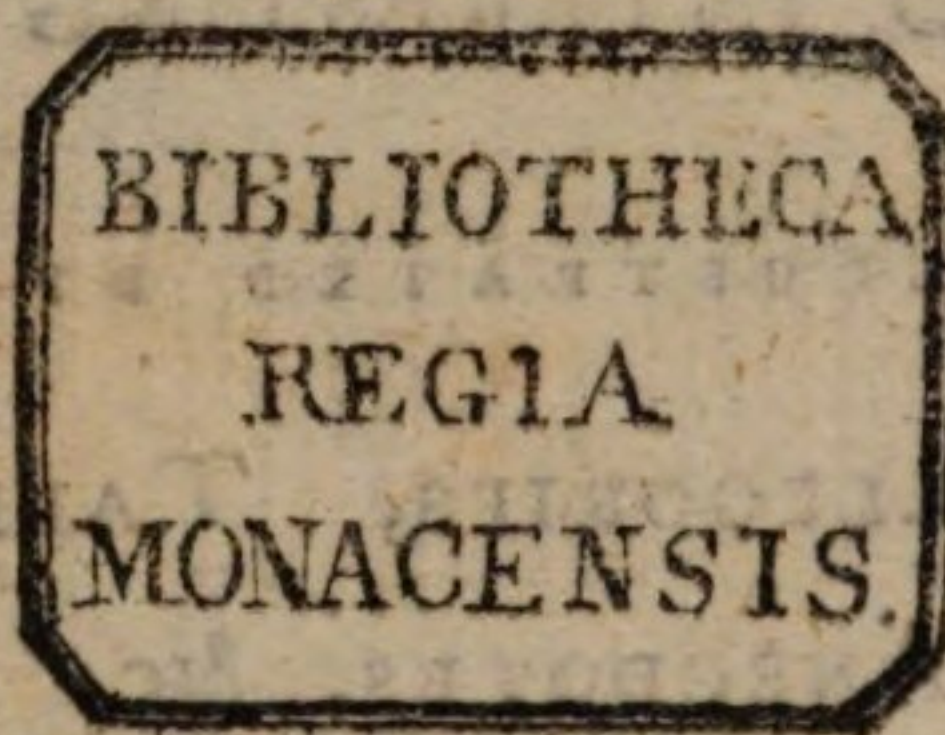
V O L U M E I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for LOCKYER DAVIS, in Holborn;
Printer to the Royal Society.

M D C C L X X X I I I.

570.3.





ADVERTISEMENT.

THE principal intention of this work is to give that strength and fortitude to moral conduct, which are so apt to decline in times of refinement and luxury; but which are so essential to individual and national happiness. The author's claims to literary reputation are few: he has endeavoured, however, both in the *Dialogue* and *Narration*, to write to the understanding as well as to the heart: or, to select from those who had the same intention. His own feelings have certainly been on the side of propriety and virtue: if he has expressed himself so as to incite similar sensations in others, he has ob-

ADVERTISEMENT.

tained what he purposed. There can be no doubt, but that young persons, more especially, will find themselves instructed as well as entertained: and on this account, chiefly, the author hopes to merit the approbation of all Those, who, like himself, are anxiously solicitous concerning the conduct and welfare of the rising generation.

C O N-

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V O L. I.

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T H E

T H E

FAMILY PICTURE.

INTRODUCTION.

DIALOGUE I.

Mr. EGERTON, Mr. FORRESTER.

Mr. FORRESTER.

YOU are certainly a very happy Man, Sir. Happy in your fortune, happy in your Friends, and particularly happy in your Family. Whence is it that your children have acquired such an evident superiority over the young people of their own age? I, you know, am but lately come to settle in this neighbourhood. Reserve, the characteristic of an Englishman, I have in a very strong degree, except when I converse with you; but in your society, though I am conscious you are my superior, I seem to breathe and act with greater freedom. You banish my restraint, you enliven my

imagination: though almost a stranger to you, I can ask you questions with the confidence of intimacy, and can be of a different opinion, without any apprehension of offending you. With you I become unembarrassed, and acquire an ease and propriety that no where else seem so natural to me.—How does this happen?—Nay, your presence seems to influence every thing. The scenery is particularly chearful and beautiful in this place; and the spot you have chosen for yourself, is the paradise of delight. Such variety, such a charming assemblage of hill and dale, river, brook and clear spring, wood and shady grove, that I declare I fancy myself in the regions of romance, and am inclined to be poetical when I visit you. In short, Sir, I admire you, and am afraid I should be tempted to envy any other man in such a situation. But I want to be informed of the reason of all this. Why should your arrangements be more happy, your servants in better decorum, and your children more accomplished than others? explain these things to me.

MR. EGERTON.

Without any affectation of modesty, Sir, I confess that I believe what you say, in part, to be true.—Your fancy is lively, and has heightened the colouring, but, in general, I am of opinion that my family, my affairs, and my enjoyments of life, are different, and in some respects superior, to that of others.

others. But this will not appear so wonderful, when the habits and events that have concurred to make them so are known; and the shortest manner of doing this, will be to relate the principal occurrences of my life—to give you, in a concise way, my history.

Though I was the youngest child of a numerous family, and consequently was possessed of but little wealth to begin the world with, yet I had one advantage to which I attribute all my subsequent success; I had the instruction, the experience, and the wisdom of an affectionate father, to guide and direct me till I was fourteen. At this age, having lost my parents, though I had guardians, I became less circumspect. Being of a warm and enterprising temper, and feeling myself superior to the generality of my young companions, schemes of independence began to revolve in my mind. I observed the silly actions of men, and drew inferences favourable to my own prudence and capacity: those to whom I was left in charge had weaknesses; I saw them and became impatient of controul. As I grew towards manhood, my mind became restless, my imagination was heated by reading the strong sentiments and great actions of the ancient heroes. The successful career of young Scipio charmed and fired my fancy: I panted to be distinguished, and neglected no opportunity that could render me remarkable; as the following incident will convince you.

I was educated at Eton School and observing, one day, two of my school-fellows insulting a

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I was educated at Eton School and observing, one day, two of my school-fellows insulting a

poor woman, that was tottering under age, it excited my indignation so much, that I fell upon them both very heartily, and struck one of them an unlucky blow. They conceiving I had injured them, by interfering in a business that did not concern me, and not being able to conceal their disgrace, complained to the master, and made up a story greatly to their own advantage. I was accordingly summoned to answer for myself. It happened that I had just before been reading the tale of the Spartan Boy that expired while the fox was biting him. In consequence of this, having at that instant a thorough contempt for pain, and indeed wishing for an opportunity to shew how much I despised it, I behaved sullenly, and refused to answer the master, except by haughtily declaring, I had done what I thought was right, and would, with the like provocation, do the same again. This, exclusive of the crime I stood accused of, was braving the authority of the master, who ordered me to be severely punished; which was what I wished and expected. I supported the pain as if I had been insensible to it, and then told the master that he was mistaken, if he supposed me capable of fearing any punishment that he, or the worst of tyrants could inflict; I had done my duty by relieving age and imbecility from the wanton cruelty of two boys, and if he had done justice he would have punished them instead of me. The master, who was a sensible and discerning

cerning man, replied “there is something peculiar in your conduct, young gentleman, it must be confessed, but you do wrong in accusing me of tyranny. You have behaved with audacity, and if I should suffer such ill manners to go unpunished, it would be impossible for me to preserve any order in this place. If, as you now say, you took the part of the oppressed, you should have condescended to have said so, when I questioned you at first. I speak thus to you, Sir, because you seem, from what I have observed of your present and your former behaviour, to think something deeper, and see a little further than people of your age usually do, but you do not see far enough. I am no tyrant, young Sir; you have been very rude, and though I have some hope it proceeded from a good, though mistaken motive, yet, had I not repented it, I should have acted inconsistently, and have degraded my situation. Recollect yourself, and if you have as much sense as I believe you to have, you will see your error.”

This cool address not only shewed me how wrong I had been, in not explaining myself, but quite overcame me. I burst into tears, fell upon my knees, and, as soon as I could speak, asked his pardon for having used such an injurious epithet to him. I then related the story of the old woman and my school-fellows, simply as it happened, together with my heroic imitation of the Spartan Boy. The master who was evidently surprized and affected by my manner and conduct in this affair, said to

me, "Mr. Egerton, I am sorry I have degraded you by the punishment you have suffered; you are an extraordinary young gentleman, and I have no doubt will one day become an ornament to society. Let me, however, caution you against your passions, they are very powerful, and while they persuade you that you are doing something uncommonly great, or good, may lead you into very dangerous mistakes. This fortitude and contempt of pain at your age, would have been beyond praise, had they been exerted upon a proper occasion; as it is, they can only be admired; but your generous protection of the helpless deserves every reward and encouragement, and I hope you will hereafter consider me as your friend, and not your master. As for your accusers, there is no punishment I can inflict severe enough for cruelty, cowardice and lying; I shall therefore expel them, lest their example should corrupt others. I perceive you are going to intercede for them: but I will spare you the pain of being refused, by telling you, I cannot, in justice to the other young gentlemen that are entrusted to my care, suffer boys of such vicious dispositions to associate with them. Youth is weak and inconsiderate, and as liable to imitate a bad as a good action; it is my particular duty therefore not to permit these wicked boys to remain among them."

I have related this adventure, to shew you the natural warmth and enthusiastic bent of my temper.

I went

I went through a regular course of education under the gentleman above-mentioned, whose friendship I possessed till his death, and to whose advice and instruction I am greatly indebted. It was the intention of my guardians that I should study the law, and become a counsellor; I however had other views; for though it is certain, no profession requires greater acuteness and abilities than this, yet as it is become common place to call it dry, tedious, knavish and so forth, it was little alluring to a mind like mine, that had so strong a propensity to romance. I wanted to be a hero, or a poet, or rather a something supernatural, and it was experience only that could make me more rational. By my repeated intercessions and positiveness in refusing to engage in any other vocation, my guardians were prevailed upon to buy me a commission in the army; and I entered it with an incoherent kind of hope of doing extraordinary things; but I had not been in it long before I discovered that more of mechanism than courage was required: that I must obey orders, and pay a strict regard to trifles: that in order to rise to any very superior station, I must not only have abilities, but powerful friends; and that without them it was as probable I should remain obscure in this, as in any other profession. I was at the battle of Fontenoy, and, though I encouraged the men under my command, and executed the orders I received with the utmost ardor, yet I was convinced it was very little in the power of an individual to

turn the fortune of the day, for notwithstanding all my heroism, I was wounded and taken prisoner. Some time after I was exchanged and sent to England, when it was my fortune to fall deeply in love with my present wife.

Hitherto I had cared but little about riches, nay indeed as the poets and philosophers I had read usually affected to despise them, I did so too, my amour however brought me to a severe sense of the want of them. My mistress was the daughter of a very rich man, and an heiress; I, a younger brother with a small fortune, rather diminished than increased; and as the peace and half-pay had deprived me of any further hopes from the army, I had no apparent means of augmenting my wealth. This made me reflect on the absurdity of those visionary hopes in the contemplation of which I had formerly indulged myself. I began to perceive there was no arriving at perfection in any art, or knowledge, or eminence in any station, but by gradual and almost imperceptible degrees; my passion was violent, I saw no probable means of obtaining a fortune instantaneously, nor of gaining the woman I loved without one. The father of Mrs. Egerton suspected our love, which was mutual, and hinted, in an oblique manner, that he did not wish to see me any more at his house. After turning every kind of scheme in my mind, I concluded that the most expeditious way of becoming wealthy, would be by going into the service of the East India Company; which, after consulting with
Mrs.

Mrs. Egerton, and having exchanged reiterated promises of fidelity, I resolved to do.

My family connections and the money I could command to begin with, gave the means of going out in a respectable light: and I embarked, though with an aching heart, not without hopes of returning to enjoy the fruits of my industry and love. I was abroad about three years, during which time I gained a considerable fund of worldly knowledge, and an insight in the ways, motives and manners of men. The facts were some of them not very much to their honour, but they taught me to think more consistently. I do not mean by this to censure the men of the world universally; there are many, within my own knowledge, of the strictest probity, but these I have observed never, unless by some accident, become suddenly rich. For my own part, I made but moderate advances, and this slow progress, with the letters I received from Mrs. Egerton, and the continual anxiety of so long an absence, made me resolve to return. When I arrived in England, I found I had a legacy left me by a relation. This, added to my little stock, made, in the whole, almost eleven thousand pounds; for I had been as strict an œconomist, while in India, as the natural warmth of my temper would permit me to be: but there are weak, indolent and unfortunate men in all places, that must ever be a tax on the more industrious and successful, who have some pity, some generosity, and no excessive degree of selfishness, among

which number I hope I shall always remain: for though it is incumbent on every man to be prudent and assiduous, yet while I feel I have many weaknesses myself, I trust I shall always have philanthropy enough to look with an eye of pity on those of others, though I neither wish to encourage theirs nor my own.

We are always apt enough to indulge hopes of success when we wish it. I could not summon up the courage to wait on Mrs. Egerton's father and explain myself to him in person. I knew my fortune, tho' in this its improved state, was by no means equal to what he had a right to expect from the husband of his daughter. But as my family was respectable, and as I had used such efforts to make myself more worthy, I supposed it possible, when these things were enumerated, that they might have some influence on the mind of the old gentleman: for which reason I resolved to write to him, and tell him what I had done for his daughter's sake, and what I would do if he would but permit her to be mine. I did so, and soon received for answer the painful mortification of a positive refusal, which threw me into a state of despair that had like to have proved fatal to me. An accident however accomplished that which all my former efforts had failed to do. I received intelligence from Mrs. Egerton that her father was going into the country, under the pretence of taking her to enjoy the beauties of the spring, but in reality to keep her from the
fight

fight of me. I no sooner heard this, but I resolved to ride after them at a distance, to follow them down, and to disguise myself and live in the neighbourhood while they should remain there. It was fortunate for her father that I did so. I communicated my scheme to Mrs. Egerton, and though she dissuaded me from putting it in practice, it was in a way that shewed she but half disapproved my intention. I therefore executed my plan, by taking the dress of an ordinary tradesman, hiring a lodging in the neighbourhood, and pretending I was ordered by the physicians to live some time in the country for a change of air, as being apprehensive of falling into a consumption; and, as ill health always attends any extraordinary agitation of the mind, I had a temporary paleness and dejection that made this pretext very plausible. I had given Mrs. Egerton so many proofs of the purity of my intentions, and the strict honour by which I was actuated, that I had prevailed on her, while in town, to admit me to converse with her, in the presence of her maid, in an evening, when her father was gone to rest: and this, in consequence of the pressing earnestness of my solicitations, was repeated in the country. One evening, about midnight, when the whole house except Mrs. Egerton and her maid was gone to bed, and every thing was still and silent, as we were sitting indulging our melancholy, and renewing those protestations of constancy which lovers never think can be often enough repeated, we heard a

noise over our heads, in the chamber where her father slept, as of persons walking without their shoes. We were all alarmed, Mrs. Egerton particularly, who exclaimed " Good God ! there is somebody in my father's room, going to murder him perhaps." We listened, and presently heard persons speaking in a low voice, who were answered by the old gentleman ; this was almost immediately succeeded by a noise of struggling, and the father's begging for God's sake that they would spare his life. I instantly snatched up the poker and the candle, flew up stairs and burst open the door, where I beheld the old gentleman gasping for breath, beneath two villains who were endeavouring to strangle him. My appearance was so sudden, and the force of guilt so strong, that I made an easy conquest. The house was instantly alarmed by the cries of Mrs. Egerton and her maid, and the servants coming to my assistance, the assassins were bound and secured. It appeared they were dissolute fellows in the neighbourhood. They had crept into the house, concealed themselves under the bed, waited till they supposed every body gone to rest, and then, after having obliged the old gentleman to deliver his keys, endeavoured to strangle him, lest he should wake his servants before they could accomplish their purpose. The horror of the attempt made so strong an impression upon his mind, that when he came to himself, and saw his deliverer, he wept, embraced me, clasped my hand, blessed me, called me his son, his best son, his preserver,

server, and seemed delighted that he could, in some measure, bestow a recompence for the service I had done him by giving me his daughter.

You may easily imagine the temporary flow of happiness that succeeded ; it was all rapture, love, gratitude, thanks, acknowledgements and congratulations. But these violent delights cannot long exist ; they have too often as Shakespeare expresses it, violent ends *. This, however, happily, has not been my case : they have subsided into a calm and temperate tranquility. New scenes opened upon me. I became a father, when the anxieties of a parent, with the experience I had had, soon made me regard my former visionary schemes in a more sober and rational light. It is true, they left a warm glow upon my mind, that has always kept it alive to certain sensations, which those who have once possessed never wish entirely to lose. It has enlarged my ideas, and given me a habit of extending my views to objects, that with some people, are out of sight. I encourage the effusions of fancy, I remember the agreeable dreams of my youth with pleasure, and some of them I have realized.

One of my chief cares has been the education of my children. I can never forget the strong impression reading made upon me, when very young. This, I am convinced, may be turned to the greatest advantage, by those who have the care of youth. Moral tales, well told, in which the good and ill effects of the passions are conspicuous, have a
greater

* Romeo and Juliet.

er influence over the conduct of the youthful mind, and will do more in the improvement of the heart, than punishment or advice can ever effect. We are the creatures of imitation, and our most prevalent passion is vanity. This is the rein by which the skilful instructor should guide his pupil. Till a certain age, fear and correction should have their influence; after that, praise and example will be most prevalent. This, at least, is my opinion. For this reason, I have adopted the method I use at present. I have formed a reading society among my own family. My children assemble every day in the library. History and biography are the great resources, as these furnish continual and real examples of the effects of the passions; to these are added, such tales of fiction as I think well calculated to point out the good or ill consequences of particular virtues and vices. It has been a constant source of delight to me, to observe the progress of the mind, and the natural propensity of the human heart to rectitude and virtue. I have five children, three boys and two girls, the eldest is nineteen, and the youngest eight. They have all been educated at home, because I have been afraid of their contracting the bad habits of their companions, had I sent them to schools. I am sensible this mode of education has its disadvantages, but as it has been the business and the delight of myself and Mrs. Egerton, to apply ourselves to this, and this only, and as we have been fortunate in finding men of genius to assist

assist us in the task, I am inclined to suppose we have avoided many of the inconveniences, and supplied some of the defects.

There is one thing we have been particularly attentive to, which is candour. We have always spoken our sentiments with simplicity and sincerity. We have never disguised our meaning by endeavouring to deceive a child into virtue; for we believe all deceit to have a dangerous tendency. We have encouraged truth and openness, and taken every possible precaution to detect, punish and expose the contrary. We have talked to our children rather as friends than masters, and have become their confidants; for as we have never expected perfection, but have been always ready to forgive errors that have been ingenuously confessed, prevarication and falsehood, after a certain age, have seldom been attempted by our pupils. It is in consequence of such methods, that our little society has acquired an air of freedom and simplicity, that cannot exist where artifice is not despised. There is a natural aversion in the mind to confess its foibles. Vanity is continually intent upon drawing comparisons in its own favour, and this principle is inseparable from humanity. To correct it, to make the mind open to conviction, and willing to observe and detect its real motives, is peculiarly the duty of teachers. Estimable as scientific knowledge is, this knowledge is far more estimable, because upon this depends our happiness, and the execution of all the social duties,

Our

Our family meet every evening, (except interrupted by being visited, or going to visit) in the library; which is very commodiously adapted for either a summer or a winter room. There are folding doors that open to the park. In the front is an extensive and variegated landscape, which includes some of the most beautiful scenery that this part of England affords. On the right is a stupendous craggy rock, that projects from the side of a high mountain, both of which are seen over a very spacious forest. These form a delightful contrast to the fresh verdure, the water, the cattle, and other pastoral subjects immediately in sight. On the left is the pleasure garden, the shrubbery and the nursery. The scene is so capacious and presents itself in such a variety of forms, and with such a profusion of objects, which the alteration of the seasons, and other accidental causes are continually diversifying, that the eye is never tired. When the weather permits the doors are thrown open, when it is very fine we sit on the outside, and enjoy the sunshine or cool shade, as circumstances invite; in winter the room is sufficiently warm for the season, and we still enjoy the satisfaction of contemplating Nature, amidst hoar frosts, snows, clouds, storms, and all the magnificence of her distress.

I am certain you perceive the egotism that runs through my narrative, I perceive it myself, but if I did not indulge it in this instance, my feelings
would

would not accompany my description, and then it would be good for little.

MR. FORRESTER.

Your description is, exactly what I approve, without affectation of modesty; and, if I can judge, far from being exaggerated. I am become your neighbour. You, with peculiar ease and good humour, invite me to a social intimacy which is exceedingly desirable to me. I am a plain man, my knowledge is not so extensive, nor my habits of thinking so refined as yours. I have a daughter to whom I have given a certain portion of education. You are acquainted with the anxieties of a parent. I should be happy to send her to your school, I mean, I should be glad to have her admitted to your evening readings and conversations; but as I ask this with frankness, I wish so to be answered. You may perceive improprieties that I do not, or you may discover such hereafter. I have no doubt, but in that case, you will, or would, explain yourself, and being persuaded of this, I find no reluctance in making the request.

MR. EGERTON.

You do me justice, Sir; I would. Bring the young lady, I have no doubt but the intercourse will be equally agreeable to all parties.

D I A-

DIALOGUE II.

The scene is the library. The company consists of Mr. and Miss Forrester; Mr. and Mrs. Egerton; Mr. Eustace, the eldest; Mr. Charles, the second, and Mr. Harry, the youngest son; Nancy, the eldest; and Fanny, the youngest daughter.

MR. EGERTON.

THOUGH there are many vices, the operations and consequences of which are generally more violent and destructive than that of self-love, yet there are none that render the possessor more mean and despicable. The selfish and covetous man is avoided by all who are not interested in his affairs, and by them he is contemned. No rank or power can procure him respect. Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, notwithstanding his dignity, had the following satirical epitaph bestowed upon him, for his covetousness:

“ Here lies his Grace, in cold clay clad,
 “ Who died for want of what he had.”

Caligula was not more detested for his cruelties, than despised for his avarice; and when Cardinal Angelot received a severe chastisement from the
 hand

hand of his groom, who, not knowing his master in the dark, detected him stealing the oats from his own horses, his suffering became the subject of laughter instead of pity.

But here, children, I must observe to you, that parsimony and œconomy are two very distinct things. Every man must have a certain degree of frugality, or he cannot continue benevolent. Lewis, the eleventh of France, was no miser, and yet in the chamber of accounts, 1461, there is two shillings charged for fustian to new sleeve his majesty's old doublet.

Nor would I have you understand, that I wish to see any of you luxurious. When the Thracians sent presents of meal, geese, honey-cakes, sweet-meats, wines, and other dainties to Agesilaus, the Lacedemonian, he only accepted of the meal; and when they pressed him to receive the others likewise, he took them, but immediately distributed them among the slaves, saying, that such delicacies were improper for men addicted to virtue, and that those things which tended to enfeeble the mind or the body, ought never to be admitted among a free and liberal people.

The social passions, my children, cannot be too intimately encouraged as long as they do not degenerate into prodigality. That universal benevolence, which inclines us to assist all those whom we have the power of assisting, without materially injuring ourselves, is perhaps the most resplendent
of

of virtues. Selfishness hides itself in a corner, and, like a cur with his paw upon a bone, snarles at whoever approaches: benevolence is frugal and sparing to herself, but opens her hand and her bosom to hunger, wretchedness, and distress.

Do you, Charles, read the following tale, it will better illustrate my meaning than any thing which I can say.

SELFISHNESS,

Or the Story of CARAZAN the Merchant of
BAGDAT.

CARAZAN, the Merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inflexibly just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance by increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less. He gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered

tered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer: he performed all the rights of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion, which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be intended to avert the punishment which every one wishes to see inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, locking his door, and, turning round with a look of circumpective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, and was followed by every eye with silent malignity. The poor suspended their supplications as he passed. Though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city; that his table should be spread for the hungry, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent

rent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked; his eye softening with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand. Attention suspended the tumult in a moment; and he thus gratified the curiosity which procured him audience.

“ To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the almighty and most merciful, be everlasting honour! he hath ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, for his visions have reprov-
ed me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the encrease of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom between; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold. The irrevocable sentence was now to be
pro-

pronounced ; my day of probation was past, and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me ; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me."

' Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the love of God ; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by the love of man : for thy own sake only, hast thou rendered to every man his due ; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked upwards with gratitude nor round thee with kindness. Around thee thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly ; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of heaven ? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew ? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty ? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thy heart, and grasped thy treasures with an hand of iron : thou hast lived for thyself ; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven ; solitude shall

shall protract the lingering of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.'

"At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power, through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in an instant. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire. O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! there society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or, if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time. While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched into utter darkness. The agonies of despair encreased every moment, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years should carry me beyond the reach of all but that power

power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther for ever and ever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for, the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda."

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upwards in an ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude was struck at once with the precept and the example; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

MR. EGERTON.

I perceive by your countenances, children, there is not one of you who would not dread the punishment of Carazan.

NANCY.

I am sure, Sir, I should ; and I am quite happy to think it was only a dream,

EUSTACE.

Pray, Sir, did you ever read the life of Barnard Gilpin?

MR. EGERTON.

Yes.

EUSTACE.

And don't you think he was a very hospitable, good man?

MR. EGERTON.

I do indeed ; one of the best of men.

EUSTACE.

Then if you please, Sir, I'll read you a little Extract I made from his life ; I dare say it will be acceptable to Miss Forrester and the rest of the company ; and it will form an agreeable contrast to the selfishness so well described in the tale of Carazan.

MR. EGERTON.

Do so, Eustace.

EUSTACE.

Barnard Gilpin was rector of Houghtonle Spring, in the reigns of the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. At his first undertaking the care of a parish, he laid it

it down as a maxim, to do all the good in his power, and to gain the affections of his parishioners. To succeed in this, he used no servile compliances; but his behaviour was free without levity, obliging without meanness, and insinuating without art. He condescended to the weak, bore with the passionate, complied with the scrupulous, and in a truly apostolic manner became all things to all men.

To his humanity and courtesy, he added an unwearied application to the instruction of those under his care; and with unceasing assiduity he employed himself in admonishing the vicious and encouraging the well-intentioned, so that in a few years he made a greater change in his neighbourhood, than could have been imagined.

His hospitable manner of living, was the admiration of the whole country. He spent in his family, every fortnight, forty bushels of corn, twenty bushels of malt, and a whole ox, besides a proportionate quantity of other provisions. Strangers and travellers found a chearful reception; all were welcome that came, and even their beasts had such care taken of them, that it was humourously said, "If a horse was turned loose in any part of the county it would immediately make its way to the rector of Houghton."

Every Sunday, from Michaelmas till Easter, was a sort of public day with him. During this season he expected to see all his parishioners and their families. For their reception he had three tables well covered: the first was for gentlemen, the se-

cond for husbandmen and farmers, and the third for day labourers. This piece of hospitality he never omitted, even when losses, or a scarcity of provision made its continuance rather difficult. When he was absent from home, no alteration was made in his family expences. The poor were fed as usual, and his neighbours entertained.

Lord Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, being sent by Queen Elizabeth to transact some affairs in Scotland, when he came into Gilpin's neighbourhood, struck with the universal praises which filled every mouth, he could not resist his inclination to see a man so truly respectable; and although his lordship came on him unawares, yet he received his noble guest with such true politeness, and treated him and his retinue in so affluent and generous a manner, that the treasurer would often afterwards say, he could hardly have expected more at Lambeth. At his departure, embracing his generous host, he told him he had heard great things in his commendation, but he had seen what far exceeded all he had heard: and when he had got to the top of a hill, which is about a mile from Houghton, he turned his horse to take one more view of the place, and broke out into this exclamation, "There is enjoyment of life indeed! who can blame that man for not accepting a bishoprick? What doth he want to make him greater or happier or more useful to mankind."

As Mr. Gilpin's whole life was a series of pious, generous and charitable acts, there is no doing him justice

justice in this extract. Mr. Gilpin was not a dignitary of the church, nor did he possess a plurality of benefices, but he exercised a noble hospitality, and a seemingly boundless charity and liberality, with a living of four hundred pounds a year, which he refused to exchange for the bishoprick of Carlisle, and many rich benefices that were offered him at different times.

MR. EGERTON.

I don't know, Eustace, how to express the pleasure you have given me as a father, in the proof, I have just now received, of your disposition to admire a truly great and most respectable character. Yes, my children, they are such men as Mr. Gilpin, whom I would recommend you to imitate. Happy in themselves, and beneficent to others, the reproach of the vicious, and the glory of human nature, they not only have contributed to the universal good of Society, while living, but will continue to do so, as long as goodness and good men shall be remembered upon earth ; for, those who can read the life of Barnard Gilpin, without wishing to be like him, must be lost to virtue indeed !

MRS. EGERTON.

I think, my dear boy, you are entitled to the thanks of the company, for introducing so virtuous and valuable an example to their notice.

MR. FORRESTER.

I think so too, Madam : I, at least, acknowledge myself very much obliged to him ; and shall take care to make myself a little more intimate with this worthy Rector.

DIALOGUE III.

NANCY.

THE account which my brother was so obliging as to give us, yesterday, of the rector of Houghton, reminded me, at the time, of a story I had lately read ; in which I very much admired the benevolent disposition of a lady, who, though she certainly had great reason to resent the conduct of her husband towards her, had the virtue and fortitude to forget her wrongs, and act in the most generous and amiable manner. I have shewed it my mamma, and she approved of my offering it to you, Sir, and the present company, for their entertainment, if you and they think proper.

MR.

MR. EGERTON.

I can have no doubt of the propriety of it, my dear, if your mamma has seen it, and it has had her approbation; neither could I if she had not seen it, as I think, my dear, your own good sense, would have prevented you from offering us an improper subject. But pray is it a novel, or the history of some known and authentic character?

NANCY.

It is given under feigned names, and therefore has all the air of a novel; but the incidents are so natural, that I cannot help believing them to be true, at least some of them are so noble, that I cannot help wishing them to be so.

MR. EGERTON.

Well, read, child, and let us hear.

BENEVOLENCE.

Or the Story of PALAMON and AMASINA.

PALAMON and AMASINA were married almost too young to know the duties of the state they entered into, yet both being extremely good-natured, a mutual desire of obliging each other appeared in all their words and actions; and, though this complaisance was not owing to those tender emotions which attract the heart with a resistless

force, and bear the name of love, yet were the effects so much the same, as not to be distinguished.

The first year of their marriage made them the happy parents of an heir to a plentiful estate.—All their friends congratulated this addition to their felicity; and the most perfect joy and tranquillity reigned.

Amasina, after she became a mother, began to feel, by degrees, an encreasing warmth of affection for him that made her so; and having no reason to doubt an equal regard from him, thought herself as happy as a woman could be, and that there were joys in marriage greater than she had formerly supposed.

Quite otherwise was it with Palamon: the time was now arrived, which taught him what indeed it was to love.—The hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the impatiences, all the unnumbered cares, which are attributed to that passion, now took possession of his heart.—He pined, he languished—but, alas! not for his wife.—He had, unhappily, seen a young lady at the opera, who had given his heart sensations and desires unfelt, unknown before. As he happened to sit in the same box with her, he had frequently an opportunity of speaking to her: and, though only on ordinary subjects, every answer she made to what he said, seemed, to him, to discover a profusion of wit and gave him the most longing desire to be acquainted with her.

For—

Fortune, favourable to his wishes, presented her to him the next day, in one of the public walks, accompanied by a lady and a gentleman, the latter of whom he had a slight knowledge of. He joined them; and perceiving it was to the other lady that the gentleman seemed most attached, he was at the greater liberty to say a thousand tender and gallant things to her, who was now become the object of his wishes.

Belinda, who was in all respects one of the modern modish ladies, received the compliments he made her in a manner which convinced him his conversation was not disagreeable to her; and, some mention happening to be made of a masquerade that night, she told him, that both she and her fair companion intended to be there, and were then going to bespeak habits for that purpose.

The hint was not lost upon Palamon: he followed them at a distance; and when the ladies had left the shop he went in under pretence of hiring a domino for himself. Finding the woman behind the counter was no stranger to the ladies, he easily prevailed on her to let him know, not only what dresses they had bespoke, but also of what condition and character they were.—She informed him, that Belinda had a large fortune, and, her parents being dead, was under the care of guardians, though she did not live with them, but had lodgings in an adjacent street.

Palamon was transported at this intelligence, as it seemed to promise him an easy access to her acquaintance, and the privilege of visiting her; which, probably, in those early days of his passion was all he aimed at. His impatience, however, occasioned him to go betimes to the masquerade, that he might have an opportunity of examining every one that came in. He soon discovered Belinda, and was not long in convincing her, that he was the gentleman who made her so many compliments in the morning. This greatly flattered her vanity. She listened attentively to the assurances he gave her of his passion, and frequently let fall some words, as if they escaped her inadvertently, that might make him think she would not be ungrateful, if he persisted in giving testimonies of a constant flame.

Palamon was transported to find the offer of his heart so well received; and made so good a use of the opportunity she gave him of entertaining her, that he obtained her permission to attend her home; and, as it was then too late for them to continue their conversation, to visit her the next day in the afternoon.

Belinda, it is probable, had no other motive for entertaining Palamon, and receiving his addresses, than merely that of hearing herself praised, and giving pain, as she imagined, to others of her admirers who were less frequently admitted. But, how dangerous it is to encourage an intimacy with
one

one of the other sex, too many, possessed of a greater share of discretion than Belinda, have experienced.—This unwary lady in meditating new arts to captivate her lover, became insnared herself. In short, Palamon succeeded.

Amasina, all this while, lost ground in his affection ; she every day seemed less fair, and whatever she said, or did, had in it a kind of awkwardness which, before, he was far from discovering ; every thing was now displeasing in her ; if endearing, her fondness was childish and silly ; and if more reserved, she was fullen and ill-natured. One moment he was out of humour if she spoke, and the next offended at her silence. He was continually seeking some pretence to find fault with the most justifiable conduct ; and even vexed when he had nothing in reality to condemn.—Unhappy, but certain consequences of a new attachment ! which, not content with the injury it does, adds to it ill humour, and a wish for some occasion to hate the object we no longer love.

The poor lady could not help observing this alteration in his behaviour ; but, as she was far from guessing the real motive, imputed it to some unlucky turn in his affairs ; though of what nature she could not imagine, they having had a large fortune settled on them at their marriage, besides the reversion of what his father should die possessed.

For more than a whole year did she combat his ill-humour with sweetness, gentleness, and the most

obliging behaviour : and, though she began to think herself lost to his affection, bore even that afflicting thought with the most submissive patience ; still flattering herself, that, if it were even so, he would one day reflect, that she did not deserve her ill fortune.

Jealousy was, however, a passion she was wholly unacquainted with : many beautiful women visited at her house, and she had never seen the least propensity in him to gallantry with any of them ; so that she rather imagined a disgust to the whole sex was growing on him, than an attachment to any one in particular.

Thus did her innocence and unsuspecting nature deceive her, till one day a female friend, more busy than wife, opened her eyes to the true reason of her husband's coldness. This lady, by means of a maid servant she had lately entertained, who had lived with Belinda long enough to know the whole secret of her amour with Palamon, was made acquainted with all that passed between that guilty pair.—She learned from this unfaithful creature, that Belinda had been made a mother by Palamon ; and that the child was disposed of to a person who for a present of fifty guineas, had taken the sole charge of it, so that it should never appear to the disgrace of the unnatural parents. Not the most minute circumstance, relating to the affair, but was betrayed by this wretch, partly in revenge for her having been discarded, and partly to gain the
favour

favour of her present lady, who, she easily perceived, loved to hear news of this kind.

Amasina would fain have treated this account as fabulous, and have persuaded her friend to regard it only as a piece of malice in the reporter; but the other was positive in her assertion, and told her, that it was utterly impossible for such a person to dress up a fiction with so many particulars, and such a shew of truth.—“ Besides, added she, if there were nothing in it, we might easily disprove all she has said, by going to the woman who has the care of the child, and whose name and place of abode she has told me.”

Compelled at last to believe, she gave for a while a loose to her tears and complainings, but her good sense as well as good temper, soon got the better of her passion; and, when her friend asked her, in what manner she would proceed, in order to do herself justice—What can I do? replied this charming wife, but endeavour to render myself more obliging, more pleasant, and more engaging, if possible, than my rival; and make Palamon see, he can find nothing in Belinda, that is wanting in me?

“ O Heaven! cried the lady, can you forgive such an injury?”—“ Yes, resumed Amasina, stifling her sighs as much as she was able, love is an involuntary passion.”—“ And will you not upbraid him with his ingratitude, and expose Belinda?” said she.—“ Neither the one nor the other, answered Amasina coldly; either of these methods would indeed

deed render me unworthy of a return of his affection; and I conjure and beseech you, added she, by all the friendship I flatter myself you have for me, that you will not make the least mention of this affair to any one in the world."

Amasina was no sooner left alone, and at liberty to meditate more deeply on the shocking intelligence she had received, than she again began to fancy there was a possibility of its being false: the suspense, however, seemed more dreadful to her than the confirmation could be, and she resolved to be fully convinced of the truth, if there were any means of being so.

The unhappy wife of Palamon, who soon became assured of his perfidy, determined to bear it with as much patience as she was able; which was indeed sufficient to render her behaviour such, as made him positive in his own mind, that she had not the least suspicion of the wrong he did her; and also compelled him very often to accuse himself for being guilty of what he could not answer to his reason, though he had not resolution enough to abandon Belinda, notwithstanding that the levity of her conduct discovered the difference between a mistress and a wife.

Whenever Amasina reflected on this change in her husband, as she had little else in her mind, there was no part in the adventure appeared more strange to her, than that a lady, born and educated in the manner she knew Belinda was, and who had
so

so far yielded to temptation as to throw off all modesty and honour, should have so little regard for her innocent child, as to abandon it to miseries she knew not of what kind. This was a barbarity, she thought exceeded the crime to which it owed its birth, and she more readily forgave the injury done to herself, than that to the helpless infant.

The more she reflected, the more she was astonished, that a woman should act so contrary to nature; and, by often picturing to herself the woes to which this deserted child might probably be exposed, became at length so generously interested in its fate, as to form a resolution of which few, beside herself, would have been capable.

She had been informed, by her officious friend, both of the name and habitation of the woman with whom this little creature had been left; when, without making any person privy to her design, muffled herself up in her capuchin, and went in a hackney-chair to the house. The woman received her with a great deal of respect and kindness, imagining she was come on the same business as Belinda.

The virtuous Amasina blushed at being suspected by this woman to be guilty of an act her soul shuddered at.—“I come not, said the wife of Palamon, on the business you seem to think, though on one which equally requires your secrecy.—I have no unhappy infant to leave with you, but am come to ease you of one you have lately taken charge of.

The

The woman looked much surprized to hear her speak in this manner, and knew not well what answer to make; but Amasina put an end to her suspense, by telling her, that she was in the secret of the lady, who left a child at her house at a certain time and who had given fifty guineas to be eased for ever of the trouble of it.—“I am, said Amasina, a near relation of the gentleman to whom the poor infant owes its being, and cannot consent, that any thing which does so, should be deserted and exposed. I therefore desire, that if alive, you will let me see it. I will provide for it better than it can be possible that you should do for the pittance left by the mother.”

The woman affected to expatiate on the impossibility of her taking the care she could wish to do, with children left on these terms; but that heaven knew she did all she could, and often laid out more than she received.—She assured her, that the child she enquired after was alive and a fine boy, but that he was with a person who indeed nursed for the parish, who yet was a very good woman, and did her duty.

That may be, replied Amasina, but I must have him removed; and, if you can provide another nurse who can be depended on, I have a power from the father to satisfy you for your trouble, in a very ample manner. In the mean time, continued she, putting five guineas into her hand, take this as an earnest, and let the child be brought here to-morrow about

about this time, and a new nurse, whom you can recommend.

The next day, this excellent pattern of conjugal love took with her every thing proper for a child, whom she was determined to make her own by adoption. She no sooner saw the infant in his new nurse's arms, than she kissed him with a tenderness little less than maternal; then, after having agreed upon terms, ordered him to be dressed, in her presence, in the cloaths she had brought; and, every thing being settled, returned home with a contentment of mind which words are too poor to express.

Nor was this a sudden start of goodness and generosity; for the more she reflected on what she had done, the greater was the pleasure she received.—She never let a week pass without going to see her charge; and had he been in reality her own, her diligence could not have been greater.

By accustoming herself to perform the duties of a mother to the child of Belinda, she began really to love him as such; and what, at first, was only pity, converted by degrees into a tender affection. When Palamon was abroad, she would often order him to be brought to her, and, sending for her own son at the same time, divert herself with their similes and antics. She was one day employed in this manner, when Palamon unexpectedly returned, and came directly into the room where they were.—Whatever indifference he had for his wife, he had always shewn the greatest tenderness to her son; and
he

he now took him up in his arms and kissed him, as was his custom to do. "Here is another little one, said Amasina, smiling, who also claims some portion of your kindness;" and at the same time presented Belinda's child to him. "By what right, madam? replied Palamon in the same gay tone.—"As he is mine," resumed his wife. "Yours!" cried he.—"Yes, answered she, he is mine by adoption; and I must have you look upon him as yours likewise." "My complaisance for you may carry me great lengths, said he; but as I know you do nothing without being able to give a reason, I should be glad to learn the motive of so extraordinary a request."

"The infant you see, said she, in a more serious tone than before, and whom I have, in reality, taken under my care, owes its being to two persons of condition; but, being illegitimate, the care of reputation prevailed over nature; and this innocent victim of an inconsiderate passion I found abandoned, either to perish, or, surviving, to survive but to miseries worse than death.—The thought was shocking to me, and I resolved to snatch him from the threatening woes, and provide for him out of my private purse, in such a manner as not to make life hateful to him."

"An action truly charitable," said Palamon, a little perplexed; "but this is not the reason I expected, since by the same rule your pity might be extended to hundreds, whom, doubtless, you may find

find exposed in the like manner. It must, therefore, be some plea more forcible than mere compassion that attaches you particularly to this child."

Amasina, who had foreseen what answer her husband would make, was debating within herself, whether it would be best for her to evade, or to confess the truth of this affair; and, not being able to determine, appeared no less confused and disordered than she would have been, if about to make an acknowledgement for some great offence.—At last, "a plea there is, indeed, said she, but—;" here her voice and courage failed her, and she was utterly incapable to give him the satisfaction he required.

Palamon was confounded beyond measure. Not knowing what to think of a behaviour so new, and which seemed to denote that she laboured with a secret of some importance, he looked steadfastly on her for several minutes; and perceiving that she changed colour, and had her eyes fixed on the earth, grew quite impatient, and cried out, "What plea? what mystery?"

"A mystery, replied she, which I had much rather you should guess at than oblige me to unravel.—Oh Palamon! continued she, after a pause, is there no instinct in nature that can inform you, my affection for the father makes his offspring, of whomsoever born, dear to me?—I cannot hate Belinda so much as I love Palamon; and, while I
am

am performing the offices of a mother to this child, I forget the share she has in him—to remember what I owe to him as yours.”

The reader's imagination must here supply the place of description.—Impossible it is for words to give a just idea of what a husband, circumstanced like Palamon, must feel.—To have his faults thus palpably made known to her, whom he most desired should be ignorant of them—to receive the highest obligations where he could have expected only resentment;—and to hear the detection of what he had done discovered to him by the injured person, in such a manner as if herself, not he, had been the criminal!—his hurried thoughts, between remorse, astonishment, and shame, left him not the power to reply.—He walked about the room in a disordered motion, in vain endeavouring to recover presence of mind, a thing so necessary on this occasion. At last, throwing himself into an easy chair, just opposite to that in which his wife was sitting, “Good God! cried he, am I awake!—Can it be possible there should be such a woman in the world!”

Amasina could not see him in these agitations without a concern, which made her almost repent having occasioned them.—She ran to him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, “My dear, dear Palamon, said she, let it not trouble you that I am in possession of a secret which I neither sought after, nor ever divulged. Consider me as I am,—your wife,—and be assured you can be
guilty

guilty of no errors, which I shall not carefully conceal.—Judge of my sincerity, continued she, by my behaviour, which, you are sensible, has not in the least been changed by my knowledge of this affair.”

“ O Amasina ! cried he, pressing her tenderly to his bosom, I am indeed sensible how little I have deserved such proofs of your amazing goodness;—my soul overflows with gratitude and love;—yet how can I atone for my past crimes ? ”—“ Mention them no more, interrupted she, only let me share in that heart, which my want of charms denies me the hope of wholly possessing.”

He answered only in broken sentences, but such as testified what she wished to find in him more than the most eloquent speeches could have done. Convinced that the victory gained over him was perfect and sincere, she would have known a transport without alloy, but for the tender pain it gave her to find so much difficulty in persuading him to forgive himself.

Desirous that she should have nothing, for the future, to apprehend from Belinda, he immediately wrote a letter to that lady; wherein he acquainted her, that, sensible of the injury he had done the best of wives, he was determined to pursue no pleasures for the future in which she did not participate. He represented to her the shame and folly of such an intrigue in the most pathetic terms, advised her to think of living so as to regain that reputation which, he was obliged to confess he had contributed

buted to make her lose; assured her that the resolution he had made to see her no more, was not to be shaken by arguments, and begged she would endeavour to follow his example, and forget all that had passed between them.

Though he desired no answer, he received one, filled with the most virulent reproaches on himself, and mingled with many contemptuous reflections on his wife. The first he was unmoved at; but the other totally destroyed all the remains of regard and consideration he had for her. He tore the letter into a thousand pieces, and, to shew this injurious woman the contempt and resentment with which he had treated what she said, gathered up the scattered fragments, and sent them back to her under a sealed cover, but without writing a word.

Thus ended Palamon's amour with Belinda, and thus Amasina received the happy reward of her generous and exalted conduct, by ever after possessing undivided the grateful heart of her beloved husband.

MR. EGERTON.

Thank you, my dear Nancy. Your Amasina is indeed a Heroine of the first order, and I will venture to assert that if you become such a wife, you will be certain of having a tender and respectful husband; beside which, you will acquire the love and admiration of every good person; which in my opinion are the greatest riches the world
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can bestow. I dare say You, Miss Forrester, think this lady acted very nobly.

MISS FORRESTER.

Yes, Sir; I do indeed. But, to confess the truth, I am almost afraid, if I had the same trial, I should not possess the same prudence.

MR. FORRESTER.

Prudence! my dear—call it by some more elevated title. Her's was a virtue much more sublime than prudence.

MR. EGERTON.

I have no doubt, but that both our daughters will endeavour to act, from motives as generous and superior as were those of Amasina. We have numerous examples upon record, of ladies, who have equalled the greatest actions of the greatest men, whose names are the ornament of history, the honour of their sex, and the delight of society. Who can read the account of the siege of Wensberg, in Germany, without feeling his heart expand towards the lovely fair? When the city could no longer resist the arms of the emperor Conrad, and when circumstances made it probable that little quarter would be shewn to the men, the women petitioned leave of the emperor to depart from the city and each to take with her what she could carry. Imagine, my children, what was the surprize of the emperor and his army, to see them come forth, not bending beneath a load of gold and silver,

silver, but each with her husband upon her back. The emperor and all his soldiers, at least all that had hearts, wept at the sight; the women were adored, and the city was pardoned. Bodinus affirms, that Laurentius Medices was so affected, only by reading this story, that he was restored to health, which he had long in vain expected from his physicians.

But superior in magnanimity, and equal in affection, even to this, was the behaviour of Arria, the beloved wife of Pætus. This unfortunate man had joined in rebellion with Camillus, against that weak and wicked emperor Claudius Cæsar, and his attempts miscarrying he was taken and sent to Rome. The affectionate Arria, who resolutely followed her husband through all his fortunes, when she was not permitted to attend him in the same ship, hired a fisherman's bark, and exposed herself to the dangers of seas and the severities of the weather, in this frail vessel, rather than forsake her Pætus. When they arrived at Rome, he was condemned to die by his own hand, and permitted to chuse what death he liked best. It was now that the fortitude, as well as affection of the lovely Arria were discovered. Pætus was timid and dreaded death: Arria was afraid, lest his timidity should prompt him to something unworthy of himself. She made him sensible that the eyes of present and future generations were upon him, she described his duty, she awakened his courage, and after embracing him, in a manner which love like her's could

could alone inspire, she took the poniard, and with a smile of pity and of love, bidding him farewell, pierced her lovely bosom—then, while she had still the power to speak, exclaimed, “O my Pætus, *this* wound is a pleasant one, it is *that* only which thou art going to give that is painful to me!”

DIALOGUE IV.

MRS. EGERTON.

YOUR father, my dear girls, very kindly took occasion yesterday to make an eulogium on women, by introducing examples of some of our most illustrious ornaments. I am far from wishing to lessen you in your own esteem, I know that to have a proper idea of your own character and consequence in society, is one great inducement to act up to that idea. But this has its dangers; it may make us confident, proud and assuming: it may destroy that distrust which gives caution, or may inspire that arrogance which must disgust. It is my duty to remind you that, as there have been women dignified by their virtues, so have

there been others abhorred for their vices. This is a painful recollection, my children, but a necessary one. While our hearts are animated to connubial love, by the example of an Eleanor, who delighted to imbibe the poison that otherwise must have killed her husband, let us mournfully remember there were such women as Tullia and Messalina; lest a too great portion of vanity should destroy that emulation, which the example of the virtuous would otherwise incite.

The story which I shall recommend to your attention, this afternoon, contains an unhappy instance of the power of vanity. It is told by the suffering person, and with a sufficient degree of force to convince us she had long felt its effects and repented of her folly. I will read it to you myself, because I would have you who are interested in it, be particularly attentive.

COQUETRY,

Or the Story of LADY WILDHAM.

BEWARE OF COQUETRY, said the old lady of Wildham Hall, to her young niece; it is not only the most ungenerous, but the most dangerous folly, or rather vice, to which any woman can be addicted; it is destructive of its own purposes, and there is no surer way to make any man hate,
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or at least despise you, than first to encourage his addressees, and afterwards treat them with neglect or contempt: it is an injury, which of all others, man finds the greatest difficulty in forgiving; conquer therefore your thirst of praise, and while you are affable, take care not to seem particular. It was the want of this prudence that has rendered above half my life, one continued round of disquietude, that has made me an accessory in deeds of blood, and that gave to me, instead of the youth whom I had an affection for, one who was the scourge of my insincerity and duplicity. I would desire you to relate your history (said the young lady) but that I fear, as you say it was unfortunate, the recollection may give you pain. Your desire shall be gratified, (replied her aunt) in hopes that you may profit by my misconduct, and subsequent misfortunes.

You know, my dear, I was the only daughter of Sir Herbert Winworth, and I believe you have heard me say I received my education chiefly in the country, at Derby, the family seat being in the vicinity of that town. It is necessary to inform you, that my person and accomplishments made me the toast and admiration of all the country gentlemen, especially the youthful and unmarried ones. I conversed in Italian and French with ease and volubility, had a fine voice, and took great delight in my harpsichord. My understanding I believe was not contemptible, and I thought it prodigious.

With all these advantages, my vanity was boundless, my imagination romantic, and I was sometimes almost fit to believe no man could be worthy of me, who had not killed a fiery dragon, and pulled the sultan by the beard. You smile, my dear, but though my ideas might not be exactly these, they were very extravagant : no flattery could be too violent for me, and however I might pretend to disbelieve, or to be displeased at hyperbolical praise and adulation, yet those who had art enough to administer such potions, had penetration enough to perceive how delicious they were to my palate. Of all my admirers none had hitherto made so great a progress as Glanmore. Others praised my beauty, which was so universally spoken of that I never imagined it wanted any confirmation ; but he told me my personal charms, like the glorious light of the meridian sun, were seen even by idiots, when they presumed to gaze, and which they could not do without feeling their immediate power ; but as philosophy alone had discovered the salubrious and hidden effects of that blessed luminary, so the charms of my wit, the elegance and propriety of my remarks, the keenness of my satire, the sweet flow of my language, and the conviction that attended all my arguments and discourses were beauties which he believed very few indeed were capable of properly attending to, and which he, however great his admiration might be, confessed himself an imperfect judge of. This gross
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flattery pleased me the more, because young Glanmore was continually spoken of as the best scholar, and most sensible youth in the country.

My father, whose tenderness and love for me were equally visible, and who, I believe, rated my accomplishments as highly as any one, myself excepted, notwithstanding his partiality, could not help observing the violence of my ruling passion. He beheld with anxiety the pleasure I took in the society of the most contemptible fops, and the freedoms I allowed them. He saw with pain the chagrin my temper was liable to if any man took the liberty of behaving with ease, and paying a proper regard to any other woman. He could not stop his ears against the continual egotism of my discourse ; and if praise was presumed to be given to another object, he could not but observe how ready I was to introduce myself, and make a comparison either to my own advantage, or by tenaciously dispraising my abilities, when they had evidently the superiority, to force others into a vindication of them, and violently to extort flattery. No one is ever so severely satirical upon persons of this character, as they are upon themselves, their inordinate thirst of adulation betrays them into a thousand fooleries, and places them perpetually in numerous ridiculous situations, under which they shrink, and blush, for a moment, and generally, in order to extricate themselves, commit some temporary blunder that heightens the ridicule. Be careful, therefore

my dear, never to introduce yourself into the discourse, either by comparison, or insinuation, and whenever you observe such a propensity, check yourself very severely, as knowing yourself guilty of a mental weakness, very unworthy of that fortitude of mind, which it is the greatest happiness to possess.

My father's admonitions, though given with the utmost gentleness, were exceedingly irksome to me; I was unwilling to believe I had any one foible, and that person who spoke disrespectfully of coquettes was sure to incur my displeasure; nay, when I sometimes had the courage to reason with myself concerning it, I could never be thoroughly persuaded that I had one atom of the character in my composition. The picture still was perfect, and all those tints which a severe connoisseur might possibly think too glaring, with me gently glided off into shades of innocent gaiety, harmless raillery, generous emulation, and merited praise.

Glanmore, who not only from motives of love and interest, but likewise from pride, pursued the little advantages he had hitherto gained, became very assiduous in his endeavours to obtain me. There was a certain triumph, which would have gratified his vanity, even superior to every other consideration, which was that of winning the consent of one who had rejected so many, and whom so many were daily wishing to possess. The torrent of adulation, which had been daily augmented from so many pretty streams, had rendered me insensible

sensible as yet of any sincere and tender attachment: my father from motives which you will easily guess, was importunate with me to marry; and Glanmore teased me exceedingly to give him permission to obtain my father's consent for our nuptials. I knew Sir Herbert wished me to marry Lord Strangely, eldest son of the earl of Wildham, who had long paid his addresses to me, encouraged by the countenance my father gave him, although I had constantly ridiculed his passion, and contemned his love. Unfortunate for me that I did so: I have since suffered severely for my injustice. I call it injustice, because I think it not only weak, but ungenerous to treat any one with scorn because they love. Our humanity should instruct us not to add the sting of contempt to the thorn of despair.

Although I felt no violence of affection for Glanmore, yet there was something exceedingly pleasing in his flattery and assiduity, and as his company was more agreeable to me than any other man's, I imagined that it must proceed from love, at least I endeavoured to persuade myself so, for I was very unwilling to suppose myself incapable of that passion, which at some intervals I almost began to suspect: partly therefore from an imaginary affection, and partly from a supposition that Sir Herbert would not give his consent, and that consequently my promise would be no bar to my inclinations, if they should happen to vary, I gave

Glanmore an assurance, if he could bring my father to approve of our union, my will should not prove an interruption to his happiness. He left me when I delivered this decree in his favour, with the most ardent protestations of his love, and rapturous praises of my condescension and goodness, and flew to find Sir Herbert, promising to leave nothing unattempted, that might prevail on him to comply with his desires.

My lover's eloquence, contrary to my expectation, soon prevailed with my father. Glanmore told him that though it was true, his estate was not so extensive, nor his rank in life so elevated as that of some others, who solicited the honour of becoming his son-in-law, yet he hoped his endeavours, when united with Sir Herbert's interest, might enable him to deserve and procure a title, which, thus attained, he represented as being equally honourable to being born to one. Sir Herbert's anxiety for me, joined to a desire of having me perfectly satisfied with the man whom I should take for a husband, together with Glanmore's abilities, made him eager for the consummation of the nuptials, and by the consent of all parties, they were accordingly appointed to be celebrated in a month, as I could not, without appearing childish and irresolute, obtain a longer period. I was now introduced to all Glanmore's friends, who paid him the highest compliments upon his choice, and I began to consider myself, not without frequent intervals of doubt

doubt and fear, in some degree, his wife ; while the increasing tenderness of his manner plainly proved how happy the thoughts of this alliance had made Him.

One afternoon, when Glanmore came to pay me his usual visit, he brought a stranger from London, a friend of his who had come down to spend a fortnight with him, and introduced him to our family. Here, my dear Caroline, said he, when he presented him to me, be pleased for my sake to know Sir Harry Moreton, a distant relation of mine. He is an infidel to the Cyprian goddess, continued he, laughing, and his amorous creed runs thus: "I believe not in the power of Cupid, and I despise his darts, &c." I turn him over into your hands, to punish him as you think proper, you will soon make a convert of him. Nay, answered I, if those are your friend's tenets I despair: unbelievers in these days are as resolute in the defence of their heresies, notwithstanding the badness of their cause, as the faithful themselves, who have the light of revelation to guide them.

Madam, replied the stranger, although I never was, nor perhaps ever shall be so romantic as my friend Glanmore pretends to be, yet I can admire wit and beauty, without superstitiously adoring them, though I assure you I have seldom met so fine a subject for admiration as I behold at this instant.

I curtsied, and Glanmore exclaimed, "Your humble servant, Mr. Admirer." When Glanmore and his friend were gone, I began to ruminate upon the behaviour of the latter: my pride was bleeding; I could not bear the reflection of Sir Harry's insolent freedom, as I thought it. Neither could I help observing, that his admiration turned chiefly upon himself, and that he was the hero of every topic of conversation, wherein he bore a part. I perceived the absurdity of such behaviour, and could not avoid applying it to my own conduct; I called him a coxcomb, and recollection of past incidents, joined to my present wounded vanity, told me in a tone, something louder than a whisper, that I was little better than a coquette. I found an uneasiness attending the remembrance of him and his indifference, and began to suspect he was to revenge upon me some part of the chagrin that I had inflicted upon others.

He came the next day with Glanmore, and notwithstanding I took every opportunity of extorting compliments from him, and used every art I was mistress of to heighten my charms, and awaken his attention, I found it impossible to fix it even for a moment upon any object but himself.

By repeated attacks, I found the only battery which could possibly be played, with any prospect of success, was flattery; I was weak enough to forget my former pride, and present engagements, and desperate enough to resolve if possible, let what would be

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be the consequence, to make Sir Harry acknowledge my power, and bow to my charms. I soothed my imagination with the thought of how I would use him when once I had him in proper subjection.

It is in vain, my dear, to endeavour to describe the meannesses to which pride made me submit, nor can I tell you by what unaccountable means my mind became so infatuated, and my affections enslaved so entirely to an object, too, so little worthy of them : yet, thus it was; and though it was impossible to accuse him of either beauty, wit, or one exalted qualification of body or mind, I was unhappy when out of his sight, and the thoughts of my approaching nuptials filled me with the most gloomy horror.

How can we account for these things? Why is it that we sigh and wish so earnestly for an object, not because it is worthy of such affection, but because we cannot obtain it? And why when by fortune or industry we have gained what we desire does it immediately become indifferent to us? My only reason for loving Sir Harry was, because it seemed almost impossible for me to have him. I believe this is an error to which the human mind, however capacious, is ever in some degree subject, and though, as it is therefore indubitably a wholesome law of nature, which prompts us to activity, yet we should be careful not to increase it in young or weak

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minds,

minds, by continually gratifying their desires, and flattering their persons, or actions; unless with great caution, and to excite emulation.

However conceited Sir Harry might be of his accomplishments, he was not so blind to his interest as to be indifferent about his fortune; my weak behaviour, and his own confidence of personal merit, sufficiently persuaded him of the practicability of rivaling his friend, and as this was a point which did not in the least deter him, it was not long before he answered my advances more warmly than I at first had any reason to expect. From one indiscretion I proceeded to another, and my neglect, and even contempt, of the man to whom I had promised to give my hand, were so visible, that they could not avoid alarming his jealousy; though the approaching crisis, mine and my father's consent, and above all the insignificance of his rival, contributed greatly, I suppose, towards allaying those fears. An accident however happened, which entirely confirmed Glanmore's suspicions.

As I could not invent any plausible pretext for breaking off the match, and as I was resolved, at any rate, to gratify my present inclinations, I had consented to a proposal of an elopement made by Sir Harry, and which was to have been executed the very night preceding the day appointed for my marriage. The mysterious air which Glanmore observed the servants of Sir Harry to affect, and some preparations they were making, for they had

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all received private orders, made him suspect there was something in agitation, which he had reason to dread, and which was necessary for him to discover. By bribes, and promises, he prevailed on one of them, whom he observed was more loquacious and significant than the rest, to repeat the orders he had received from Sir Harry; which were that Sir Harry's people were all to retire to their beds, sooner than usual, where, instead of undressing themselves, they were to wait till within a quarter of one o'clock, and then if every thing was quiet in the house, and Glanmore's family all in bed, they were to come down without their shoes, and with as little noise as possible, take Sir Harry's post chariot round to the corner of Sir Herbert's garden wall, and wait for their master, holding themselves in readiness for a journey.

Glanmore's passions were sufficiently alarmed by this intelligence: he had no room to doubt but that Sir Harry intended to carry me off by my own consent. Tormented and distracted with jealousy, hope, and fear, he at one time resolved to come immediately, and after upbraiding me with my infidelity, acquaint my father with it also; then changing his intentions, he put his pistols in his pockets to punish my lover for his perfidy. At last, however, he came to a resolution to wait till night, and plant himself, and some friends whom he could rely on, in such a situation as to be able to intercept us, if he found his fears confirmed, which he

he could not yet thoroughly persuade himself were true.

Various and afflictive were the tumultuous feelings of the parties concerned in the transactions of this unhappy night. Glanmore's conduct proved the greatness of his torment: Sir Harry's, I believe, was the most placid: he had not sensibility enough to produce any violent agitation of either pain or pleasure. As for me, the nearer the time approached, the more irresolute and distracted was my mind: I never passed so horrid an interval. Sometimes my imagination represented to me the agony of Sir Herbert at my breach of faith and capricious conduct; at others, I beheld Glanmore upbraiding me, in all the pangs of despair, and hatred for my duplicity: nay so intolerably was I oppressed with the inconsistency of my conduct, and the terror of my guilt, that I started up three times with an intention to destroy myself, but had not sufficient resolution. At length, the hour arrived, and Sir Harry entered, conducted by my maid, as had been pre-concerted: but so great an impression had my fears made on me, that I wept, entreated, nay, at last absolutely refused to go. My lover was not thus to be diverted from his intentions: he reasoned, prayed, and at length swore he would not be so deceived, and catching hold of my arm, dragged me along with him; my fears of a discovery prevented me from taking courage to resist; whilst his

his impetuous and violent conduct made me shudder at my own.

How shall I describe the horror of the moment, when just as Sir Harry was handing me into the chaise, he was seized and intercepted by Glanmore! —“Traitor!” exclaimed the injured lover, trembling with rage, and fury in his aspect, “forego your worthless prize, and satisfy my wrongs. As for you,” said he to Me, darting a look of wild despair and terror through my soul, “though I see my folly in contesting a single moment for so false, so light, so ungenerous a woman, yet, in your presence, will I punish this insignificant, this insidious coxcomb;” then giving his antagonist a pistol, and telling him it was charged, without quitting his hold, bade him prepare to fire! I screamed! I flew to get between them ere the dreadful explosion! but in vain! —They both fired! they both fell! —

Good God! what tongue can tell, what pencil paint, what imagination can conceive, the wild, the tremendous despair of my countenance when, by the glimmering of the moon I beheld both my lovers weltering in their blood! I seized one of the pistols, and with a violent blow laid myself senseless for a moment on the earth; then starting up, and giving a frantic scream, I tore my hair, and face, while the servants and friends of the fallen, stood petrified with horror, unable to determine whether what they beheld were real or no.

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The agitation my mind had undergone for some hours was so increased, by this shocking transaction, that I was carried home in violent hysterics, which were succeeded by weaknesses and faintings to such a degree, that it was thought at one time my life was in great danger. The youth and strength of my constitution, together with the almost miraculous news of the recovery of both the combatants, overcame my disorder; the ball of each had fortunately taken place in the shoulder, and by that means escaped a vital part.

Ever after this dreadful night the image of Sir Harry was accompanied with pain and disgust, and Glanmore, instead of ever renewing his claim, was frequently heard to declare, that he deemed himself exceedingly happy in having escaped an indissoluble connexion with a woman who was capable of so much injustice and ingratitude: for indeed he had been a very warm and assiduous lover, and afterwards proved himself a tender and indulgent husband.

We have since regarded each other with a sigh, tho' I had far the greatest reason, as my father, after this affair, peremptorily insisted upon my giving my hand to Strangely, who was now become earl of Wildham, and had renewed his addresses to me, but who, after his first transports, has continually upbraided me with my flights to him and crimes to others. Therefore I repeat, BEWARE OF COQUETRY.

MR.

MR. FORRESTER, (*To his Daughter.*)

You see, Julia, the effects of vanity and inconstancy, which between them produce coquetry. I have not, at present, any reason to fear you should become so weak as this lady was; however I would advise you, and all young ladies, to be cautious and particularly distrustful of themselves, in this point; as, if my observations have been true, it is the One in which they are most likely to err.

MR. EGERTON.

And give me leave to observe, my friend, vanity, which is the source of coquetry, and other follies in the ladies, is a most baneful antidote to the prosperity of Men likewise: it makes them commit the most silly actions, and frequently betrays them into irretrievable mistakes. Rudolphus, a king of the Heruli, in a battle between his army and that of Tado, king of the Lombards, was so confident of success, that he staid feasting, in his tent, contenting himself with sending a person to an eminence, to observe the combat, and inform him when his troops should win the day, telling him at the same time, he would behead him if he brought bad news. The consequence of this vanity was, his army was defeated, and the messenger, afraid to return, left the foolish monarch to perish by the sword of the victors.

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But the instances of men betrayed to destruction by their own vanity are innumerable. This passion makes us as ridiculous, at sometimes, as it does unfortunate at others. The king of Catona takes an oath, at his coronation, that it shall not rain unseasonably, neither shall there be famine or pestilence during his reign. We think this very strange; but what shall we say of the custom of England, which, in this age of reason and philosophy, obliges the monarch to call himself king of France, when all the world knows it to be false? The Cham of Tartary, is not more ridiculous or vain, who, when he has dined, causes it to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that, now he has finished His dinner, all the rest of the kings of the earth have leave to begin theirs.

I met with a little satirical essay, on this subject, which I think to the purpose. Here it is; do you read it, Charles, and do you, my children, observe how the author describes this passion to be the general weakness of humanity. Remark its different effects upon different dispositions, make the application to yourselves, and endeavour to avoid its influence.

VANITY,

V A N I T Y,

Or the V I S I O N.

O F all the articles of vulgar faith perhaps none has greater influence than that of dreaming. Few old women are to be found who cannot give an immediate and copious explanation of all the freaks, vagaries, and inconsistencies which the mind, during her nocturnal labours, shall conceive.

Among the variety of dreamers in this world, the literary ones are not the least conspicuous. It is in vain that dreamers of this species shall with a serious face and long periphrasis, tell the readers how they became weary, and where and when they fell asleep. Every body knows that theirs are waking dreams. I shall take the liberty to relate one of these which I have lately had.

I thought I was sitting upon the cross which is placed upon the top of St. Paul's, amusing myself with contemplating the care, hurry, anxiety, and ambition, which were discoverable in the countenances of the crowd that were bustling beneath me. As I was applauding myself for the sagacity of my conjectures, and the ingenuity of my remarks, I began suddenly to wonder by what strange means I was carried thither, and whence I derived the power and resolution to behave with so much composure
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in so perilous a situation: when turning my head, I beheld, at my right hand, a Being with wings to his shoulders, of a beauteous and most alluring countenance, and a radiant form. My surprize was so great that I found myself tumbling from the horrid precipice; but my preserver caught me by the arm, and by his smiles and assistance, banished my fears, and reinstated me with safety on my seat.

“Mortal,” said he, “I am one of that order of spirits which, by men, are called Genii. My name is Hlalhlumhla, or, according to its signification in your language, the Vapour of Vanity. I am likewise called by some Glparhja, that is, the Principle of Action, alluding to the part I take in prompting men to hazardous and daring enterprizes. That you may have some knowledge of the power I possess, you shall, in part, feel its effects.” Immediately as he said this, he breathed in my face, and his breath was sweeter than the meadow air while the hay is upon the ground. He had no sooner done so, than I felt myself elated, after a surprizing manner: I believed myself capable of performing any thing, and was going to leap from the height where I sat, confident of my ability, but was restrained by my protector, who, while he held me, touched my lips with his finger, and I instantly became sensible of my danger, and wondered at my temerity.

“Mighty Being,” said I, bending as I spoke, “I tremble at my presumption; expose not thy weak

weak servant any more to such temptation." "Listen," said he, and fear not : " I will instruct thee."

" Next to the great spirit, I am the most powerful. I am the first of created beings ; all others worship me, and those who affect the most to despise me hug me closest to their bosoms. Among men, none are so high or so low as not to feel my influence, and women pay me the most fervile adoration. It is I who have made cobblers kings, and kings cobblers. I have breathed upon the ignorant, and they have become philosophers, poets, painters, heroes, mathematicians. It is I who have inspired men to build temples, and pull them down again. I accompanied Cæsar into Gaul, and Alexander to the banks of the Ganges. I levelled the Alps to Hannibal, preached against the fear of pain or poverty to the Stoics, and sent Cincinnatus, with self-satisfaction, to the plough. I gave virtue to Aristides and Epaminondas, made Lycurgus a legislator, and taught Pyrrhus* his prayers ; and I was the dæmon with whom Socrates boasted of his familiarity. Nor is it easy to determine whether I have been the occasion of most good or evil to mankind. I will cause thee to behold examples of each. The history of the actions of some of my votaries shall pass in quick succession

* It is recorded of Pyrrhus, that he never prayed for encrease of wisdom, wealth, or empire ; he asked only health—Was this moderation or vanity ? Did it not imply, " Give me health, and I'll ensure the others ?"

before thee ; and I will enable thee to see and interpret."

As he said this, he plucked a feather from his wing and drew it across my eyes. The touch imparted power unexperienced before ; and the greatest distance, the most solid matter, or impenetrable darkness, could no longer conceal objects from my sight or hearing.

" Behold," said Hlalhlumhla, " yonder country gentleman, whom we will call Marius. He is walking in his garden, surrounded by his children, for whom he has a particular affection, as he has likewise for their mother. He has riches enough to satisfy his wish ; he delights in the character which he deserves—it is that of a good and worthy man. He desires only the power to be useful—and he enjoys it. I have inspired him with that portion of vanity which stimulates to virtue, and he is happy, he is beloved. Observe the change he is going to experience." The blue vapour issued from the mouth of the genius, and ran like lightning, to fulfil its destined course. It finds Marius reading that anecdote of Cæsar, that tells us he fetched a deep sigh at beholding the statue of Alexander. He immediately becomes thoughtful ; serenity vanishes from his countenance, his steps are short and interrupted ; he reads the story again, and feels every thing that is related of Cæsar. He entertains a vast opinion of his abilities, and wonders at the former inactivity of his temper. A vacancy happens in parliament

liament for a small borough in his neighbourhood. The money flies among the electors, and he is returned. He hurries to town, swelled with ambition, eager for fame, and reads and loads his memory with Gazettes, speeches and protests. Magna Charta, principles, patriotism, politics, ring an eternal change in his brain. He goes to the play, not for diversion, but to study action and emphasis. He labours to be an orator. Hark how he thunders in the senate; observe how he is feared, even while he is laughed at. He intrigues with the minority, he tampers with the ministry; he obtains a place, and he intrigues still. His thirst of preferment is insatiable, and he is as troublesome as unreasonable. He threatens, soothes, cringes, is the first at levees, the last at cabals, flatters this lord's mistress, and bows to that peer's valet; splashes through thick and thin, and delights to traverse the dirty alleys of ambition. Health, virtue, content, all are sacrificed. His wife desirous of his company and delighting in his love, follows him to town, but enjoys them not. A lord in great power sees her and becomes enamoured; makes large promises, and the abandoned wretch, her husband, listens with avidity to the infamous proposal, that flatters his ambition.—Hear him commanding her to submit!—behold her tears, her prayers, her just resentment of his wicked schemes! he expostulates, he entreats, he threatens—and see! the knife is lifted up!”

I could

I could no longer contain my emotion. I caught the genius by the hand, and tremblingly begged of him to allay the storm which he had raised.

“ I will indulge you,” said Hlalhlumhla, “ tho’ in the opinion of the world, I shall ruin his fortune, for he would certainly have made a shining character; he would have finished whatever he had undertaken, and would have scrupled no means to attain his end.”

“ Let us leave Marius restored to reason, and the proper duties of a man, and turn our eyes to yonder garret. You see the miserable wretch that sits shivering over the expiring embers, greedily devouring the morsel which his œconomy saved from his last meal. Vanity is the source of his poverty. His father was a tradesman who had saved a competency by his industry, but anxious to see his son make a figure in the world, he resolved upon giving him a learned education, in which, he imagined, were included knowledge, riches, and power.—Accordingly the boy had Greek and Latin whipped into him; and after scanning hexameters and pentameters, and drudging through logic, rhetoric, and the rest of the scholastic load, by which ordinary faculties, if they are obliged to carry it, become oppressed, and under which, common memories shrink; he, according to that portion of my influence which was given to him at his birth, began to be a coxcomb in verse; and, after discovering that *my* and *thy*, *sure* and *pure*, and, a few other insignificant words would jingle, and that a certain quantity of syllables would mea-

measure a line, he fancied himself a poet. The fruits of his father's industry were devoured by those who paid the largest share of tribute to his maudlin muse. He wrote and published, and wrote again, and published again, and wondered at the world's stupidity. In proportion to the decrease of his finances was the increase of his malady. No province of poetry but has suffered an invasion from his fury. He has at this time piled up under his bed, three epic poems, seven tragedies, thirteen farces, which he calls comedies, all with dissertations, essays, apologies, prologues, epilogues, prefaces, advertisements to the reader and dedications, ready manufactured; besides satires, elegies, odes, pastorals, &c. &c. without number. He subsists at present by collecting paragraphs for news-papers, and occasionally filling up a vacancy in the Poet's Corner, which, "from his well heaped store," he is enabled to do at a moment's warning.—I perceive by your countenance you commiserate his case, and are desirous I should undeceive him, that the poor man might set up school-master, or find some other rational method of employing his abilities in what the world would pronounce to be his proper sphere: but this would be doing him a real injury. At present he is happy; he lives in continual hope that the period is at hand when he shall burst like the sun from behind a cloud (to use one of his favourite similes) and astonish the world with the

effervescence of his rays. This hope is the cordial that makes the bitter pill of poverty palatable.

“ Let us leave the poet,” said Hlalhumhla, and turn to the man in a general’s Uniform, whom you see sitting yonder with a huge folio before him. He is reading that part of the Roman History where the actions of Hannibal are celebrated : observe with what avidity his eyes run along the page, and the passions that usurp each other in his countenance. He is come to the battle of Cannæ ; fifty thousand men lie dead, without extorting a sigh ; but he feels all the rapture of a hero, or man-killer, at the stratagem of the daggers *, and sighs only for an opportunity of gaining reputation himself, by the like innocent method. He has a great genius for war, and the active spirit with which I inspired him, hurries his imagination “ to search for the bubble honour in the cannon’s mouth.” It is matter of joy to him when human slaughter is

* Towards the latter part of the battle of Cannæ, when Hannibal, by the stratagem of the retreat, had cut the Roman infantry to pieces, the latter placed all their hopes in the cavalry of the allies, which yet remained unbroken ; but to these Hannibal sent 500 Numidian horse, with daggers concealed under their coats of mail, and gave them orders to surrender prisoners of war, which they obeyed ; and being, as was supposed, placed by the Romans in the rear, they drew their concealed daggers, when the action became hot in the front, and fell upon them with such fury, that the Romans were put into irrecoverable confusion.

thus

thus legally committed by the sword, to find that it has been dreadfully great in favour of the party whose commander attracts his admiration. A man without these sentiments of ambition, or whose vanity is directed to other objects, would shudder with horror, and dissolve in pity, should he traverse the field of blood, and view the herds of mangled bodies, and tortured dying wretches, who have all fell sacrifices to satisfy the pride of one man, or to procure fame for another; and would almost curse that pride, or that fame, which was unreasonable enough to require, and wicked enough to delight in a sacrifice so dreadful. But a man addicted to pity, according to our present mode of judging, is but ill qualified for a great king or a great hero. These people are composed of very inflammable matter, and would rather see the earth desolate, and the inhabitants cut away, than suffer the least indignity, or not procure themselves a great name. Yet such a strict regard have they for justice, that though the nations shall go to war because they have a fit of the spleen, though the finest, the healthiest, and ablest men shall be chosen, and sent to perish in desarts, starve in garrisons, and expose their bodies to every inclemency of earth, seas, and skies, because some other king or hero forgot one of their titles; yet I repeat, such a strict regard have they for justice, that should a starving wretch steal a loaf or a coat, because he was hungry or naked, he shall

be hanged for thus disturbing the peace and harmony which ought to subsist among men §.

“ Enough of the general,” said the genius, “ I perceive a person whose history is a little extraordinary. Behold yonder shrivelled old fellow, his grey locks thinly shading his narrow face. It is Harpagus, the usurer. That man, who is now worth ninety thousand pounds, came to London without a shoe to his foot, or a shilling in his purse. His thirst of gain easily discovered itself by his care in ransacking the sweepings of the shop, where he found employment: the object at which his ambition aimed was pointed out by his frequently declaring, while a boy, that he did not fear being, some time or other, a very rich man; and his ability to gratify this vanity was evinced by his facility in turning pence into shillings, and shillings into pounds. His attention was so totally fixed to this one object, that those passions which lead other men into expence, and mostly become sources of dissipation to them, with him all contributed to increase his wealth, and promote his ultimate design. He fell in love—but

§ Alexander the Great having taken a pirate, and being about to condemn him to death, first spoke to him thus: “ Why,” said the hero, dost thou trouble the seas?” “ And why,” said the pirate, “ dost thou trouble the whole earth? I, with one ship, seek my adventures, and am called a pirate: thou, with vast armies, warrest against the world, and art called an emperor. Where is the difference but in the name and means of doing mischief?”

how?

how? Not with beauty or virtue, not with a generous heart, or witty head.—It was with his master's sister, a rigid virgin of sixty-five, whose pounds sterling out-numbered her grey hairs, and who, though her ill humours and antiquated habits were very weighty, could not, in his opinion, preponderate against the five-hundred annual prize, which she drew from the old South Sea fund. His young companions laughed at him, but, when their extravagance sent them to borrow money of him at fifty per cent. he laughed in his turn. Gaming was a vice to which his natural covetousness addicted him; but here too the same passion that prompted preserved him, and his cunning quickly made him discover the *rooks*, and taught him to feather his nest with the pluckings of the *pigeons* †. His life has been, with scarce a deviation, a life of rapacity and care. His ideas of justice were, and are, that he has a right to cheat every one who will let him, and if any man cheat him, he will hang him if he can. He never counted that man his friend whom he did not get something by, and he always proportioned the friendship to the gift: still loving those best who gave him most. When he set out in life, he thus said to himself, 'How famous should I be at my death if I could become richer than the 'squire

† A rook, in the language of the gaming table, signifies a sharper, and a pigeon one who is ignorant of their tricks, and is imposed upon.

who is said to be worth seven hundred and fifty pounds a year !' His vanity has increased with his wealth, and his hopes are all fixed at present on living long enough to make his ninety a plumb. Thus he has lived wretched, and will die miserable, only to gain a pleasure which he can never enjoy, namely, that of having people's admiration after his death, and for this purpose he willingly suffers their detestation while he lives. What will not vanity prompt men to undertake? It will set one man to build a pyramid, and send another half over the globe to measure it. It has not less influence in the placing of a patch, than in the disposal of an army. It causes some to spend their lives in rioting and pleasures, and others in cares, toils, and torments, and, what is more extraordinary, converts these very torments into pleasures."

The genius was proceeding, when a sudden fright seized me, and I fancied myself falling from the precipice. The terror that this occasioned, awoke me with a start, and when I came to myself, I drew this moral from my dream—It is better to do one good action that merits the applause of a benevolent heart, than twenty splendid ones, to catch the praise which a false judging world shall bestow.

D I A L O G U E V.

Mr. E G E R T O N.

O U R reading and conversation has been lately upon the effects of Selfishness, Benevolence and Vanity. I think, therefore, we cannot better elucidate these subjects, than by taking a view of Temperance, which if rightly understood and practis'd, will undoubtedly promote the virtues, and wean us from the vices of which we have been speaking. I have often told you, and I must continue to remind you, my children, that almost all our wants are artificial. There is no wealth so enormous as not to leave the possessor poor, if he does not prescribe bounds to his imaginary necessities. I scarcely need inform you, that the greatest part of those things, which among a certain description of men are supposed absolutely requisite to existence, are totally superfluous ; invented by caprice, claimed by folly, and too often obtained by injustice. I cannot better point out how unnecessary these things are to real happiness and true grandeur, than by describing the temperance and simplicity which some of the noblest and most exalted characters of antiquity maintained.

Aristides, one of the greatest men Athens ever produced, lived in a state of the most rigid temperance, and paid so little regard to wealth, that when he died he was obliged to be buried at the states charge; yet no person can suppose, were history silent on the subject, that he who had so often, and so essentially contributed to the prosperity of the commonwealth, wanted opportunities of enriching himself. This was a still greater virtue in him, because his origin was poor and mean, and therefore he was the more likely to be tempted by wealth, which is too often supposed to include power, fame and all those qualities at which men so eagerly grasp. His acknowledged justice procured him to be elected treasurer of the public money, and his inflexible adherence to œconomy in this trust, occasioned Themistocles to accuse him of malversation, for which supposed crime the giddy multitude condemned him in a severe fine. For Themistocles, though a great man, wanted the virtues of Aristides, and was angry because he was prevented from plundering the public. This sentence, however, was reversed by the wiser part of the citizens, and Aristides was elected to the same office for the following year. Angry at the treatment he had received, and resolved to shew the Athenians their folly, he neglected to examine the accounts of those who had the expenditure of the public money, and pretended to disapprove of his former rigor. These people who had benefited by his connivance began then

then to extol him to the skies, and interested themselves that he might continue in his office; but on the day of election, just as they were going unanimously to put him in nomination, Aristides rose, with indignation in his countenance, and addressed them thus: “ Oh Athenians, I am more ashamed of the honour you intend me this day, than of the sentence you passed against me last year; and it is with concern and sorrow I see, that it is more meritorious with you to oblige ill men, than faithfully to discharge a trust. When I managed your treasure as became an honest man, I was treated like a villain; but now that I have left it to the discretion of these public robbers, I am proclaimed a most excellent person and an amiable patriot.”

Neither was the temperance of Aristides less conspicuous as a judge, than in his former capacity. As he was sitting one day to decide a cause between two private persons, one of them endeavoured to influence him, by beginning to relate the many injuries his antagonist had in his life done Aristides, when he immediately interrupted him by saying, “ Tell me friend, what injuries he has done to You, for it is your cause, and not mine, that I sit here to determine upon.”

I might quote numberless instances of a like nature, not only of Aristides, but of Phocion, Pelopidas, Epaminondas, Fabricius, and many others, the examples of all of whom prove that temperance is the virtue of a truly great man, and that wealth

either when it tends to enervate the mind, or to bring the slightest dependance, or disgrace upon the receiver, should always be rejected with positive and unremitted firmness. Vulgar and narrow minded men are dazzled with the splendor of riches, the wise despise them, except as they afford the means of doing good. When Timagoras returned to Athens, from his embassy to Artaxerxes king of Persia, one Epicrates, a porter, who had been in the menial train of Timagoras, and had enriched himself by the king's presents, proposed in an assembly of the people, that the Athenians instead of electing nine archons or governors, should chuse twelve poor citizens and send ambassadors to Persia, in order to be enriched by the gifts of Artaxerxes. The absurdity of this piece of low cunning was so exceedingly evident that it set the whole assembly laughing.

The following story of the Salutiferous Fountain is entirely applicable to the present subject.

INTEMPERANCE,

Or the Journey of AZIBAH, in search of the Salutiferous Fountain.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the twelfth year of the reign of Hallam, monarch of Indostan, Ozmah, captain of the palace guards, came into the chamber of Azibah, the son of Hedan, near the time of the
second

second prayer, and said : “ Azibah, son of Hedan, I wish the command I am going to execute, may prove advantageous to thee. Give me thy sabre, and follow me to the sultan ; for such is his pleasure.” The moment Azibah heard these words, he fell prostrate, and, after imploring the protection of the Prophet, said to Ozmah, put thy hand upon my head ; the Sultan is master of my life, and I am his slave ! At the same time he delivered up his sabre and followed him. At the bottom of the stairs, ten guards were posted, who environed Azibah, and conducted him into the presence of Hallam.

The monarch had with him Serah, general of his forces, and Naran, chief of the Imans. Ozmah presented him Azibah’s sword, and said : Light of the faithful, Azibah, without the least resistance, hath submitted himself to thy orders : may thine enemies imitate his example. Though Azibah, was not conscious of having offended, yet his spirits were seized with terror : he, however, armed himself, so as to prevent any appearance of it, in his countenance. As soon as the Sultan saw Azibah at his feet, he said, “ Son of Hedan, let us fall down before Him, who never dies.” These words increased the terror of Azibah. The Sultan, the General, the Iman, the Captain of the Guards, kneeled down, bowed their faces towards the ground, and glorified the Prophet. Azibah, uncertain of his fate, thus implored the protection

of Mahomet : “ If my resolutions were sincere when I went to pay honour to thy shrine, and to bedew with my tears the holy mount Arafat ; if I have made it hitherto the chief delight of my mine eyes, to read over the divine book, be now my support. The computation of my days will soon perhaps expire. I already see the dark and frightful angel ready to receive me. Remember the faith I repose in thee. There is only one God, and thou art his Prophet.”

Prayer being ended, the Sultan rose up ; and, turning towards Azibah, said, “ Son of Hedan, I have resolved upon making thee undertake a long voyage ; bow down thine head.”—“ Father of Musselmen,” answered Azibah, “ the voyage will be certainly long, and without return, which we must all expect to make at different times. May the most mighty and merciful God multiply thy years.” Having pronounced these words, he stretched forth his neck to meet the fatal stroke. The Sultan drew the sabre, and extended his arm ; but instead of severing Azibah’s head from his body, he returned the blade into its sheath. Such unexpected clemency drew from the assistants loud acclamations of joy. Azibah again opened his eyes, which darkness, the forerunner of death, had already closed : and Hallam, with a pleasant aspect, embraced him. Having placed him between Naran and Serah, over-against his sofa, he made signs for Serah to speak to him.

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“ My lord, said Serah, I have talked with a man, who was three hundred and forty years old, who had ten more to live. He was oppressed with chains, in the King of Golconda’s camp, after his defeat; and the victory you obtained, over that Prince, gave this person his liberty. I detained him three days, which hardly sufficed to relate the revolutions he had seen, during the course of his long life. I did not think proper to keep him any longer, so I gave him ten roupees, with liberty to go where he pleased. He was a native of Bengal, and was called the old-man of that place. His eyes were much sunk, his voice was clear, his hair and beard nicely combed out, and as white as snow. Though his visage was full of wrinkles, it was enlivened with a florid red, and easily might one discover in it that gaiety which naturally accompanies perfect health. Being asked, what means he used to attain so very advanced an age; he told me his father, who lived till he was three hundred and fifty years old, had bequeathed three doses of the water brought from the island of Borico, by virtue of which, he had been thrice restored to his former youth. I cautiously desired him to tell me, in what part of the world this island was, and whether it was permitted to obtain any of the water of this fountain of life. He protested, he could not answer either of the questions, and that he had several times proposed the same demands to his father, but never could be satisfied in them. I then strenuously pressed him to in-

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form me, by what means his father had found out so surprising a water: he always made answer, it was a present from VICHNOU, a god to whom he had for a long time sacrificed to. This, my Lord, was all I could gather from the old man. So fabulous a conclusion did not a little contribute to make me despise him; for, after what manner soever I questioned him, he still persisted in the same story."

The Sultan, perceiving Serah had done speaking, looked stedfastly on Azibah, and said to him: "Son of Hedan, if the voyage I seemed to threaten thee with, could not make thee afraid, why shouldest thou dread going to the island of Borico in my service?" "Most potent of Kings," answered Azibah, "I fear none on earth but thee. This instant, I will depart to search every corner of the world, and, if I fail to bring thee the water thou desirest, then sever my head from my body, and end the life of a creature, no longer worthy to live." The Sultan, having strictly charged all present to conceal the secret, ordered Naran to provide every thing necessary for the journey.

The next morning, as soon as Aurora had withdrawn the curtains of the east, and painted the mountain tops with glowing purple, Azibah left the city of Agra, and joined a caravan, going to Cambaye. He had no equipage, and his dress but ordinary, though he carried about him, in gold and jewels, more than the value of a common city. He generally let the company pass on before him, that he might enjoy the greater liberty of reflecting on
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the method of executing his commission. He was extremely pensive, for he was persuaded of the impossibility of success, and, therefore, looked upon the expedition, as a banishment. "I am going, said he to himself, to wander I know not whither, in search of a fountain which has, perhaps, no existence. And, even if it have, I am entirely ignorant of the country in which it is situated; and am now, perhaps, travelling the direct opposite way." These discouraging thoughts, however, at last, began to give way to more pleasing sensations, and he determined either to find the fountain, or convince himself that all search was in vain. He had not travelled three days, with the caravan, before he perceived he was not the only person who had avoided company to indulge reflection. A young man, well mounted, of a very agreeable aspect, seemed to be much in the same melancholy mood as he himself was.

To meet with companions in misfortune, alleviates our grief. Azibah was greatly pleased to find an associate in affliction, and determined to make him acquainted with the nature of his journey. Azibah approached him, and, after a short conversation on general subjects, said to him, "Sir, I perceive that your spirits are oppressed by the hand of affliction: mine are also in the same condition. Let us therefore mutually impart to each other the causes, from which our afflictions flow; perhaps each may derive advantage from the counsel of the other." To this, Sebah, (which was the
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name of the young man) readily consenting, Azibah acquainted him with the commands he had received from the Sultan; intimating, at the same time, that he looked upon the fountain of Borico, as a mere chimera.

Sebah listened with attention to Azibah's relation, and after a minute's silence, said, "Sir, I have accidentally acquired some knowledge of the situation of that famous fountain, which I shall gladly impart to you. I am the son of Rephan, a physician, well known in Sciras. And I need not acquaint you, that all the youths of that city delight in dancing, or playing on some instrument. One evening, when the heats of the season rendered the night more pleasant than the day, I left my father's house, to enjoy the refreshing breeze, and played on a flagelet, as I passed along the streets. In my return home, I heard the window of a spacious house open, and, directing mine eyes towards the place, I saw, by means of the light of the moon, which was then shining in her greatest splendor, a most beautiful lady, who seemed to listen to my music very attentively. Pleased with the adventure, I stood still, and continued playing, till she withdrew; which was not till some considerable time after I first saw her. I took particular notice of the house, determining to return the succeeding evening; but, just as I reached home, an arrow passed whizzing by my ear; I started, and looking back, perceived a man making towards me, armed with a bow in
his

his left-hand, and a long javelin in his right. As he approached, he cried out, "Traitor! though I have missed thee once, I shall be more fortunate a second time!" Seeing him alone, I took courage, drew my sabre, and, having happily parried his thrust, gave him two wounds in the breast. He instantly dropped, and begged his life; telling me, he was son to the Bashaw of Sciras. I immediately sent a surgeon to his assistance; but, knowing I had every thing to fear from the fury of his father, I stayed no longer in the city, than to provide myself with a horse and money.

I followed the high-road, till nature, overwhelmed with fatigue, required repose, when I quitted it, and took a path between two mountains, the end of which terminated in a wood. Alighting, and tying my horse to the branch of a cedar, I laid myself down at the foot of a large palm-tree, and slept till Aurora visited the earth with her enlivening beams. On my waking, I was much surprised to hear the voice of a man speaking in the following manner:

"Now is the precious hour, child, that the genii appear under different forms to Princes who delight in executing justice, and to tyrants who deserve punishment. O child! couldest thou, as clearly as I, look into the events of this moment, then wouldest thou behold some employed in the dark shades of Mezanderan, to drive the lions and tygers from their dens, in defence of the innocent in oppression;

pression; and admire the facility of others, in rendering the hydras and griffins tame and familiar."

I had no longer patience to listen to so strange a discourse, without being curious to see the person that delivered it. Advancing softly, from one tree to another, I came to a pretty thick grove of laurels, where, concealing myself, I had the advantage of discovering, without being perceived, a grave old man, dressed in a long brown robe, and a young maid sitting near him, in a blue veil, which covered every part of her, except her face and hands. Her eyes were modestly fixed on the old man, whom she seemed listening to, with great attention. I shewed myself, and by that means interrupted their conversation. At my appearance, the young maid drew her veil over her face, and the old man arose and met me. "You behold, said I, a traveller distressed by hunger and fatigue, compelled to crave your assistance." "By Ali! replied he, thou art most heartily welcome; the sages were never un hospitable. The charity I shew you, will serve as a new instruction for my daughter. Go, refresh yourself in our retreat, we will join you in an hour." He shewed me, at the same time, a little path, which conducted me, after several turnings, into a grotto.

Though the entrance was very narrow and obscure, yet it was sufficiently light within, and contained several apartments. A slave, to whom I declared my distress, and the charitable intention of his master, set before me raisins, pistachoes, fresh
dates,

dates, white bread, and an excellent liquor from the palm-tree. Whilst I was employed in satisfying the cravings of nature, I desired him to go in search of my horse, describing, as well as I could, the place where I left it. The slave accordingly departed; and, after I had eaten and drank sufficiently, my curiosity prompted me to visit every corner of so romantic a habitation. The most remote cavity of the grotto formed a cabinet, filled with books, talismans, and figures of all kinds of plants and animals. Here I amused myself for some time, and casting my eyes towards the farther part of the cavity, I saw, against the rock, the following inscription, in letters of gold: "Reader, whoever thou art, that hast been favoured to approach this secret recess of the sages, ponder this, and be wise. Reverence the most High, seek wisdom, love mercy, and be a shield of defence to the innocent.—Then shall thy years be prolonged, unassisted by the waters of Borico; nor shall any plagues or misfortunes approach thine habitation." While I was attentively perusing this inscription, the old man approached me, saying, "Son, let the precepts of that writing be engraven, in living characters, on the table of thy memory." I thanked him for his kind advice, and desired him to explain what was meant by the waters of Borico. "My son, said he, in the kingdom of Sofala, in Africa, is a large lake, in the midst of which are several islands, and particularly one much larger than the rest, called Borico.

Borico. In this island is a fountain, whose nature is endued with the amazing property of restoring youth to those who drink of it. On the borders of this fountain grow many beautiful trees, which fill the air with a delightful fragrance, and are always loaded with the most delicious fruits. But the passage to this fountain is guarded by leopards, so that it is almost impossible to approach it."

The old man having finished his explanation of this mystery, after returning him my thanks for his kindness and hospitality, I took my leave of him, mounted my horse, and, after wandering a long time through unknown parts, I had the good fortune to join this caravan, and to find in it a companion in misfortunes. Azibah listened with the utmost attention to Sebah's narrative, being agreeably surprised at so unexpected a discovery, and determined to direct his course to Africa, in search of the fountain of Borico.

At their arrival at Cambaye, Sebah was informed, that the Bashaw's son was not only recovered from his wounds, but also become his friend. On hearing this agreeable news, Sebah set out on his return to Sciras, and Azibah, having procured a ship, sailed for the coast of Africa. After a long and tedious search through uninhabited deserts, he had the good fortune to discover the lake, in the midst of which the island Borico was situated. Being arrived at the side of the lake, he prevailed on some fishermen to carry him to the island. They did all in their
power

power to dissuade him from such a rash attempt, by assuring him that it was only inhabited by wild beasts, from which it would be impossible for him to escape. These reasons were lost on Azibah, he persisted in his resolution; and the fishermen, finding it in vain to oppose him, landed him on the island.

Here he wandered, seeking in vain the salutiferous fountain. Despairing of success, he set himself down in a valley, and fell asleep. When he awaked, he beheld a beautiful lady dressed in the habit of the country, approaching him; who, with a great deal of sweetness, asked him what he sought. He acquainted her with the commands of the Sultan, and the reasons which induced him to come thither in search of the fountain. “Since you consult me, answered she, it will be your own fault, if you do not succeed. As you go out of this valley, you will find a crystal stream flowing from a beautiful fountain, and discharging itself into a large river, not far distant from its source. At the bottom of the fountain you will find a little blue pebble, which you must not fail to take up; then follow the stream, till you arrive at the river, and direct your course along the bank of it, till it divides itself into two branches, and forms an island, or rather garden, in the middle of which is the salutiferous fountain. Over an arm of the river, there is a marble bridge; its passage is defended by twenty-seven leopards. Before you come in
fight

fight of them, put the little blue pebble in your mouth, and pass boldly over the bridge, for the pebble will render you invisible. When you approach the fountain, take up what water you intend, and return immediately. But be careful not to eat of the fruits of luxuriant trees growing on the margin of the fountain." The lady, after uttering these words, disappeared; and Azibah took the path she directed.

The fountain, the pebble, the river, the bridge, and the leopards presented themselves successively to his view. As he entered the garden, he was saluted with an odour inexpressibly ravishing, proceeding from the flowers and fruits, which it produced in the greatest profusion. Near the margin of the salutiferous fountain was a tree eminently taller than the rest, loaded with fruit of so enchanting an aspect, that even imagination itself can hardly paint any thing so beautiful. Azibah, unable to withstand the temptation, took the pebble out of his mouth, plucked off the fruit, and began to eat. The taste was delicious and enchanting; but, alas! the pleasure was but of short duration. The leopards now cast their furious eyes upon him, made towards him with incredible swiftness, and were just on the point of tearing him to pieces, when the lady, who had before directed him, suddenly appeared. At her presence, these fierce creatures returned to their station, and Azibah prostrated himself at her feet, endeavouring to express his repentance and gratitude. "You are now,
said

said she, lost to all hopes of success; acknowledge your fault, and spend the remainder of your life in solitude." Having said this, she took him by the hand, and, after conducting him beyond the bridge, charged him to return the same way that he came, and to put the pebble in its place, as he passed by the fountain; which he had no sooner done, than the whole vanished from his sight; neither bridge, river, nor fountain were any longer visible; and, to add to his astonishment, he found himself on the top of the mountain of Arafat.

Thus was the unfortunate Azibah, through his own folly, disappointed, when he thought the object, he had pursued through so many difficulties, within his reach. And hence we should learn to govern our passions and appetites; for, if we suffer them to prevail, all our resolution, assiduity, and perseverance, in any undertaking, will be rendered abortive. Health, honour, and reputation will be sacrificed to the gratification of some mean and unworthy passion; and, like Azibah, for the momentary pleasure of tasting one delicious morsel, lose the salutiferous waters of Borico.

MR. EGERTON.

You see in this tale, my children, the effects of intemperance painted in an ingenious though romantic manner; and the lives of the illustrious men I pointed out to you before, will convince you of the necessity of its opposite, in obtaining true renown.

MRS.

MRS. EGERTON.

And that it may come still more forcibly to your bosoms, here, William, do you read this account given by an Englishman, one of ourselves, who has very pathetically described, from his own experience, both the one and the other.

WEALTH and its CONSEQUENCES.

I WAS the second son of a wealthy gentleman, who reserved the bulk of his fortune for my elder brother, so that my only provision was a tolerable education, and a commission in the army: but being soon weary of a soldier's life, I sold out at the commencement of the present American war, and though my fortune arising from that sale was but inconsiderable, I pleased myself with the idea of independence, and determined to enjoy it, by living within my income. Take away such a determination, and there can be no true independence in the most affluent circumstances.

My father had by this time resigned his breath; I had no parental home to which I could retire, and therefore set up my rest in a country town, where I had been formerly quartered with my regiment, and had made some agreeable acquaintances. There I passed my time according to my heart's desire.—I fished, fowled, and hunted with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who entertained me in their houses with
the

the most cordial hospitality. I walked, I chatted, I danced, and played at cards with their wives and daughters. Delightful excursions and amusing parties of pleasure were planned and executed every day. The time stole away insensibly: I knew no care; I felt no disorder; I inherited from nature a vigorous constitution, a happy serenity of temper, and was distinguished among my friends as the best humoured fellow in the world.

In the midst of these enjoyments, my heart was touched by the amiable qualities of a young lady, who was content to unite her fate with mine, contrary to the inclination, and without the consent of her father, who possessed a very large fortune. He resented her marriage with such perseverance of indignation, as never to admit her into his presence; nor even at his death forgave her for the step she had taken. His displeasure, however, affected us the less, as we found happiness in our mutual passion, and knew no wants, for my wife inherited from an aunt a legacy of eighteen hundred pounds, the interest of which, together with my little income, was sufficient to answer our desires.

We found great satisfaction in contriving plans for living snug upon our income, and enjoyed unspeakable pleasure in executing the scheme to which we had given the preference. Chance presented us with an opportunity to purchase a small, though neat and convenient house, with about twenty acres of land, in an agreeable rural situation, and there our

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time was parcelled out in a succession of tasks, for improving a large farm that we rented, and cultivating a sweet little garden, laid out on a gentle slope, the foot of which was watered by a branching rivulet of pure, transparent water. Although heaven had not thought proper to indulge us with children, we were favoured with every other substantial blessing, and every other circumstance of rural œconomy proved a source of wealth and satisfaction.

The labours of the field, the little domestic cares of the barn-yard, the poultry, and the dairy, were productive of such delights as none of your readers, except those who are enamoured of a country life, will conceive. I cannot remember those peaceful scenes of innocence and tranquillity without regret; they often haunt my imagination, like the ghost of departed happiness. Within the bosom of this charming retreat we lived, in a state of uninterrupted enjoyment, until our felicity was invaded by two unexpected events, at which, I am afraid, we shall always have cause to repine. My nephew, who had succeeded to my father's estate, died of the small-pox; and a few weeks after this incident, my wife's only brother broke his neck in leaping a five barred gate; so that we found ourselves, all at once, in possession of a very opulent fortune, and violently transported from that situation for which our tempers had been so well adapted.

In the first flutter and agitation of mind, occasioned by this unhopèd for accession, we quitted our
romantic

romantic solitude, and rushed into all the pageantry of high life. Thus irresistibly carried away by the vortex of dissipation, we grew giddy in a whirl of unnatural diversions; we became enamoured of tinsel liveries, equipage, and all the frippery of fashion. Instead of tranquillity, health, a continued flow of satisfaction, and a succession of rational delights, which we formerly derived from temperance, exercise, the study of nature, and the practice of benevolence, we now tasted no pleasure but what consisted in the gratification of idle vanity, and were tossed for ever on a sea of absurd amusements, by such loud storms of riot and tumult, as drowned the voice of reason and reflection, and overwhelmed all the best faculties of the soul. We deserted nature, sentiment, and true taste, to lead a weary life of affectation, folly, and intemperance: our senses became so depraved, that our eyes were captivated with glitter, and our ears with clamour; while our fancy dwelt with pleasure on every gew-gaw of gothic extravagance. We entertained guests whom we despised; we visited friends whom we did not love, and invited company whom we could not esteem. We drank wines that we could not relish, and ate victuals which we could not digest. We frequented concerts which we did not understand, plays which we did not like, and diversions which we could not enjoy. Our house might have been termed the Temple of Uproar. Card tables were the shrines, and the votaries

seemed agitated by the dæmons of envy, spite, rage, vexation, and despair. In a word—all was farce and form. All was a phantasm, and a hideous dream of incoherent absurdities.

These pleasures, like brandy to a dram-drinker, have lost their effect; we have waked from the intoxication, to a due sense of our miserable condition; for the vigour both of mind and body is quite impaired. With respect to each other, we find ourselves in a state of mutual disgust; and all the enjoyments of life we either taste with indifference, or reject with loathing. For my own part, I am overwhelmed with what the French call *Pennui*, a distemper for which there is not a name in the English language. It may be understood, however, from the following lines of the poet—

Thee, too, my Paridel, she saw thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair;
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess,
The pains and penalties of idleness.

It is not a common vacancy of thought, or an ordinary languor of the nerves, that I labour under, but a confirmed imbecillity of mind, and a want of relish, attended with a thousand uneasinesses, which render life almost insupportable. I sleep without refreshment; I am fatigued without labour; I am scarce risen when I wish the day was done; and when night comes, I long for morning. I eat without appetite, and drink without exhilaration:
exercise

exercise affords no spirits ; conversation no amusement ; reading no entertainment, and diversion no pleasure. It is not from affectation, but an acquired insensibility, that I see Falstaff without a smile, and The Orphan without emotion. I endeavour to kill the time by shifting continually the scene of dissipation, but I am close pursued by disgust : all is disappointment, insipid, nauseous, or shocking. My temper is grown so fretful and peevish, that I quarrel by turns with my servants and myself ; even she who was once the delight of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, is now become the subject of perpetual disquiet. I harbour wishes which I dare not approve : my heart palpitates with passions which I am ashamed to avow. I am tormented by a thousand petty grievances, which rise like angry tumours, from the ebullitions of a soured disposition ; and incidents that would move the mirth of other men, are to me productive of choler and anxiety.

I have given this account of myself, as a lesson which I fear mankind will not learn, as a warning of dangers into which, whenever they have an opportunity, they will too eagerly rush. I speak this generally, for I confess I am not without hope, that some very, very few, may be wise enough to profit by my example, and either be happy in mediocrity, or employ the redundancies of riches to better purposes, than in supplying the foolish and incoherent whims and caprices of fashionable folly.

DIALOGUE VI.

MR. EGERTON.

I HAVE frequently spoken to you, my children, of the many examples which history affords of those who have become eminent by their great qualities. I have endeavoured to divert while my aim has been to instruct; and in giving you sometimes real, and sometimes fictitious stories, have taught you what you ought to do and suffer in your future commerce with the world, without exhibiting the forbidding countenance of a dry and harsh preceptor. It is my wish to continue this practice, to inspire you with the ardor of emulation, and to convince you, from facts, that virtue is its own reward. It has been my custom too, in order to diversify the scene, to let you indulge, occasionally, in the wild fictions of romance; for I have long observed of myself, that I can still read the most romantic tales, if ingeniously connected, with a sort of surprize and curiosity, that lead me insensibly beyond the limits of nature, and transport me into a kind of enchanted land, in which, for a time, I take up a delightful abode. I am sensible that with young people, of your age, this effect is much stronger. The vagaries of fancy, like “the poet’s eye in a fine fit of phrenzy rolling, traverse the heavens and earth, embodying forth the forms of things

things unknown, and giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." These, if not permitted too often, so as to blunt the imagination by a too repeated appeal to probability, are some of the happiest delusions of life.

Eastern tales are, many of them, of this sort; but there is this difference between them: those which are composed at present, by modern authors, generally are intended to convey a particular moral, whereas the old ones, I mean the Arabian Nights, the Persian Tales, &c. mean only to amuse. These latter, it is true, do likewise inculcate morality; they cannot avoid it; all human events do the same; but then it is in a diffuse and different way. I make no scruple of reading the former kind in this little society, because they promote my plan; the others, for the reasons I have just given, I use more sparingly, and only for the sake of variety. This is not the first time, my children, I have hinted to you, that I think it proper to explain myself thus, that you may not have reason to suppose I act capriciously. I sit among you in the sacred character of Father, Guide, and Instructor. Nature, reason, and custom, have allotted me a certain portion of power, and I wish to convince you, that it is my endeavour, as well as my duty, to employ that power in promoting your present and future prosperity.

As I was looking through the Persian Tales this morning, in order to see if I could find any thing proper for our evening-meetings, I met, among

other things, with the voyage of Aboulfaouaris, in which, though intermixed with the familiar incidents of real life, there is an air of invention and sublimity that has sometimes a grand effect. It is rather long: you had better, therefore, two or three of you, read by turns, and then tell me if you are of my opinion. As I observed before, there is seldom any sole and particular moral to be gained from this kind of stories; the virtue, however, that is most conspicuous in the following narrative, as well as the necessity of that virtue in the situations described, is Fortitude.

F O R T I T U D E,

Or the singular Adventures of ABOULFAOUARIS,
furnamed the GREAT TRAVELLER.

P A R T I.

I AM the son of a master of a ship of Basra, and my name is Aboulfaouaris. My father, ever since my infancy, made me attend him in the voyages he made in the Indian seas: so that, at twelve years old, I knew a great many of the islands that lie in the vast extent of them. He grew wealthy, employed his money in trade, and in less than ten years became one of the richest merchants of Basra.

One day he said to me, son, I have an important account to settle with my correspondent at the isle
of

of Ceylon: I am resolved to send you into that country to make an end of the affair. Whatever regret I might have to leave my father, the desire I had of seeing the famous city of Serendib made me accept the commission he offered me with joy: indeed I had been there before, but was not then advanced enough in years to make observations on its beauty. I set out in a short time, and embarked in the port of Basra.

We had the good fortune to reach Ceylon without any mischievous accident. The first thing I did was to enquire for my father's correspondent. There was no body in the city of Serendib who did not know Signior Habib: he was one of the richest traders of all the island, and a very honest man. He gave me such a reception, as I might expect from the best friend my father had.

As he perfectly understood business, and meant to do nothing but what was just, we finished our accounts in a few days. At leisure hours I viewed the rarities of the city, which are numerous: I instructed myself in the laws of the people, their occupations and government. In short, at the end of five or six weeks, my affairs being over, and my curiosity fully satisfied, I prepared for my return, and waited not long for an opportunity. A vessel of Surat, which had arrived at Serendib to exchange goods, was ready to put to sea, and I was to embark in her.

The day before my departure, as I was returning to my host about noon, a lady passed by, finely shaped, richly cloathed, and followed by a slave, who carried some things that she had been buying. A thick veil screened the beauty of her face, but I was struck with the grandeur of her air, and the majesty of her mien. I stopt to consider her, and could not forbear crying out in my transport; What a lovely creature! she is without doubt the king's mistress. She stopt with some surprise, and looked upon me very earnestly; then continued her walk, without appearing to be either pleased or displeased with the freedom I had taken. I paused a good while, reflecting on the circumstance; and, much agitated by the emotions she had caused in me, began to feel what I had never felt before.

Wholly filled with this idea, a slave accosted me. I remembered to be the same that followed the lady: and the sight of him redoubled my concern: What would you have with me, friend? said I. Sir, answered he, with great respect, I have orders to desire you to follow, where I shall have the honour to conduct you. If you come from your mistress, replied I, altogether amazed, I shall submit to her commands; I will readily obey them, whatever fate is prepared for me. My mistress, answered the slave, hath not intrusted me with her intentions; but if you comply with her request, I cannot believe you will repent it.

In vain did I represent to myself that I was to set off next day, and ought to think of nothing but my departure. I followed the slave in spite of all that might happen; he led me through unfrequented streets, till we came to a palace: then conducted me to a spacious apartment, magnificently furnished, and desired me to wait. I was too much affected to busy myself about any thing I saw; I thought of nothing but the mistress of the palace.

At last she appeared, and I found her as beautiful as her shape had promised: her jewels and dress added to her charms, which, indeed, had little need of their assistance. I was confounded — she perceived it and smiled; then placed herself upon a sofa, like a little throne, while her women ranked themselves upon the right and left.

Come near young gentleman, said she, with great sweetness; you seem to be a stranger: I will venture to tell you, that the stars incline me to wish you well. Should you render yourself deserving of my good opinion, I may give you leave to aspire to please me.

Ah, my sultaneſs! cried I, throwing myself at her feet, do I understand you right? To what pitch of fortune are you pleased to raise a stranger, who hath no other merit than to acknowledge you adorable? So much the better, said she, interrupting me, the favour will be the greater, the less you believe you merit it. Inform me of what country you

F 6 are,

are, what your birth, and upon what account you came to Serendib.

I fully satisfied her curiosity; but when I said I was to go on board the next day, in order to return home, she discovered great concern. What, Aboul-fauaris, said she, have you a design to depart so soon? Hath not the finest island of the Indies, charms enough to detain you longer? Princess, replied I, the city of Serendib, without doubt, can engage eyes more difficult to please than mine; but what wonders soever are to be seen within the compass of these walls, I should withdraw myself without difficulty, if this day had not offered to my sight what is more capable of detaining me. You no longer continue then, replied the lady smiling, in the resolution of a sudden departure? After the glorious hopes, answered I, that you give me reason to conceive, think you, my queen, that I can have other inclinations than what you are pleased to inspire me with?—You cannot fail, said she, with sentiments like these, to please me.

Having said this, she bade me sit down on the sofa: I made some difficulty, till she said my refusal would displease her. She then informed me her name was Canzada; that she was daughter to one of the prime visiers of the king of Ceylon; that the death of her father had given her the right to dispose of herself; that the first lords of the country had paid her their addresses, but that she was yet disengaged. She told me likewise that my person
had

had struck her; that her father had amassed immense riches; and that it would be my own fault if I refused to share them with her.

I returned my acknowledgments to her in the most submissive terms. Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of twelve slaves, who presently covered the table with the most exquisite fruits. Canzada made me sit down by her: we began to eat, and she helped me to the most excellent. The variety and delicacy of the wines answered to that of the provisions: they sparkled in cups of crystal, but animated me much less than the looks of the lady, who, presenting a cup to me with a smiling air, kindled a flame in my heart, which increased every moment.

During the repast, her conversation was very lively; the pleasantry of her humour added new graces to it. Every time that she offered me wine, her beautiful lips tasting first, rendered it still more delicious; I took the cup with transport, and as I drank the liquor, swallowed the sweet poison of love.

At the end of the repast, Canzada's women divided themselves into two companies; some singing, others dancing. While they were chanting their soft airs, the eyes of Canzada and mine spoke in dumb language the most tender and delicate sentiments.

Night coming on, I would have taken leave of the lady: how, said she to me, with an air of dissatisfaction, do you think of leaving me? After the assurances

assurances you have given me of having no other will than mine, could I expect so ill a compliment? For a man in love, your impatience seems very surprising. Ah madam! cried I, how ill you interpret the sentiments of my heart! This reception, of which I appear not to know the value, raises the softest ideas in my soul. I fear to abuse your favours, and you should rather pity me for the conflict I feel in offering to quit you. You deserve little pity, replied she, for a conflict you might have avoided; such an over-discretion is to be suspected; I would not advise you to think it meritorious. How, madam, said I, could I flatter myself that you had destined me to pass the night in your palace?

In the midst of all the satisfaction her goodness had procured me, I could not deny but that I was uneasy. I related to her the reception that my host had given me at my arrival at Serendib, representing to her that he was most certainly in great uneasiness concerning me.

Canzada agreed that I ought to send to Habib, but she would not permit me to go myself: she only gave me leave to write to him, but at the same time forbade me to give him the least hint of my adventure. Her distrust was so great, that she dictated the letter; and I could only acquaint him, that some important business had retarded my departure, and deprived me of the happiness of seeing him for some days, and that I desired he would be under no apprehensions on my account.

Pleased

Pleased that I had put off my departure, she led me into the several apartments of her palace, and shewed me a magnificence that seemed worthy of a prime visier. When the hour of rest came on, she conducted me to an apartment prepared for me. She left me, and was no sooner gone, but slaves, who were commanded to attend me, brought every thing that was proper for the occasion, and put me to bed.

When I found myself alone, and at liberty to reflect seriously on this adventure, I said to myself, What will all this come to? How richly this palace is furnished! Can I ever hope to be possessed of the lady? No, Aboulfaouaris, no; this was never designed for thee; cease to flatter thyself: these are snares which fortune hath laid, and thou wilt presently find them vanishing like a dream, and deceiving thee in those ideas of greatness and pleasure, which thou imaginest are reserved for thee.

This thought failed not to disturb me. In a minute after, I fancied it was wrong to alarm myself; that Canzada could have no interest to deceive me, and therefore that I ought not to suspect her kindness: that the behaviour of her people had appeared to me very sincere and natural; and that I had observed, by her eyes, she was touched with a real passion for me: so that sometimes reposing an entire confidence in her, and sometimes giving way to my fears, like a vessel agitated by two contrary winds, I passed the whole night without a moment of rest.

Break

Break of day surpris'd me, while I was yet reflecting with great concern on what had employed me in the night: the sun shone into my apartment, and made the rich furniture glitter: dazzled by the brightness, I looked upon the palace as one of those enchanted castles, where magic art, getting the conquest of nature, boasts the vast extent of its power. I got up, and presently the slaves hearing me walk, came into the room with magnificent robes; I took one of green silk, embroidered with gold, the work and design of which pleased me infinitely.

I was no sooner dressed, than Canzada came to ask me if I had rested well; her impatience of seeing me again would not suffer her to wait till I could go to find her in her own apartment. I answered, that I had passed the night in a manner that ought to hasten the moment of my happiness. She replied, smiling, that she would be more fully inform'd of my sincerity, before she made a further progress of such consequence to her quiet.

I remained eight days in Canzada's palace, and was treated with the respect due to a king. The lady shewed a particular regard for me; she refused me no signs of tenderness and complaisance that I could desire of her, compatible with virtue.

One day, when we were walking in the garden, Aboulfaouaris, said she, I flatter myself that you love me; in this confidence, I am at last resolved to compleat your wishes; to give you, with my
8 person,

person, the free disposal of my wealth. — After this, can you refuse me any thing? Ah madam! said I, interrupting her, with all the marks of real gratitude, this doubt is injurious to my passion. Speak! were it my life, it would be glory enough to sacrifice it to the least of your desires. That which I shall ask, replied the lady, will be a favour bestowed on you, if you love me, as I would fain believe. Explain yourself then, cried I, it is too much to be kept in suspense. The favour I have to ask you, said she, is to secure my repose and happiness. Promise! swear to me an eternal constancy! and to prevent the chagrin of seeing ourselves separated, join the gift of your hand to that of your heart. Let us be linked together by the sacred tie of marriage.

Though the beginning of Canzada's discourse had filled me with joy, her last words produced a quite contrary effect. Though she had behaved with the strictest decorum, yet I never imagined she thought of marriage, for she was of the sect of the Guebres, who are the ancient Persians that adore the fire, and I a Mahometan; so that she raised in me an extraordinary astonishment. I was disturbed, I grew pale, I reddened, I cast down my eyes; confusion and perplexity took possession of those cheeks, on which joy was revelling but the moment before.

The lady, who observed me with attention, easily penetrated the cause of my disorder. I could not have believed, said she, with a fierce and disdainful air,

air, that such a proposal would have been so disagreeable to you; I rather expected transports of joy from you, than this confusion. What, is it a dishonour to have me for your wife? Madam, answered I, I know the value of that glorious degree, to which your bounty would raise me, but Heaven hath placed an invincible obstruction in the way; and if you see trouble and confusion cover my face, it is because I mourn in secret my misfortune, which will not permit me to accept of an offer, which otherwise would crown my glory and happiness.

I imagined, replied she, that my rank was the sole obstacle to your good fortune. When I debased myself to you, I thought I had removed all difficulties: but tell me, pursued she, what is that obstacle that you take to be so invincible. My religion, replied I. How can I break through the command, which prohibits us to marry a wife, who is no follower of Mahomet. I am not less scrupulous in my religion than you, replied Canzada, and would not for an empire marry with a Mahometan. I designed, therefore, to make you renounce the false doctrine of your prophet, and oblige you to embrace the sect of the Guebres. I reckoned upon your worshipping the fire and the sun. In short, that you would abjure your own religion to follow mine. I confess, I promised myself, to have made it a merit in the eyes of the god we adore, to make a convert of the person whom I loved, even to the degree of delivering up to him all my treasure; but
you

you deny me the advantage of such a merit, and, despising the tender I make you of a large fortune, rather than consent to marry me, you become the most ungrateful of all men.

These last words, and the tone in which Canzada pronounced them, increased my confusion, and furnished new occasion to stir up her resentment against me. She loaded me with reproaches, and shed tears, which pierced my heart every instant: how formidable was she in this condition to a lover who was willing to preserve his virtue! my own grief, and that which she felt, deprived me almost of my senses. Alas! there wanted but little to conquer me, and I had without doubt sacrificed all to her tears, if, secretly inspired by Mahomet, I had not received from the grand prophet the assistance I wanted: but I remained firm in my resolution, and observed the precept of my religion.

Canzada was much astonished that an adherence to my faith was capable of making me renounce the possession of her and her riches. She had heard of some Mussulman less scrupulous than myself, and my firmness grieved her much; nevertheless, cherishing yet hopes that at the end I should yield, she would not take my refusal for a final answer. The injustice and cruelty of your proceedings, said she to me, ought before now to have tired my patience; I blush that I am still so weak as to have the least inclination for you. However, I will yet believe you will change your opinion; I give you
eight

eight days still to determine: you shall have no cause to reproach me, that I give you not time to consider: but, if after that, you take not a resolution of doing what I require of you; if you persist to render yourself unworthy of my bounty, expect all the most rigorous resentment an enraged woman can inflict.

At these words she left me with an air that might convince me, she would effectually come to the last extremity, if I did not resolve to marry her. I was left in the most deplorable condition imaginable. Nothing was equal to my consternation. I could see no hopes that I could be happy, unless I would abjure Mahometanism. And could I resolve on that? charming Canzada, cried I to myself sighing, I may no longer raise my desires to your enjoyment. But though I have lost the hopes of possessing you, it is not in my power to cease loving you; at what distance soever you are from me, you will be the sovereign of my heart.

I passed the eight days that were given me in lamenting the good fortune I had once conceived hopes of; but I had courage enough not to alter my resolution. Canzada perceiving at the end of the time she had prescribed that I was not yet in the proper disposition, granted me eight days more; and, to contribute on her part to the victory she designed to gain, she made use of her most powerful charms. In short, seeing the time elapse again, without having gained any advantage, she sent for me.

me. I was conducted into the most stately apartment of the palace: She waited for me in the midst of her women, upon a throne raised a few steps from the floor, and had more the air of a severe judge, than of a compassionate mistress.

I approached trembling, and could scarce make use of my senses. She ordered her women to leave the room. Well, Aboulfaouaris, said she, have your reflections inspired your stubborn heart with sentiments that are worthy of me? I was struck to the very soul, and fainted at the foot of the throne.

Canzada descended from the throne, and was busy to help me. I perceived it when I came to myself, and opening my eyes, fixed them on the lady. Cease, madam, said I, with a low voice, cease to concern yourself for a wretch, who is not worthy your care. It is true, said she, interrupting me with some emotion, that I have reason to complain of you; but it is your own fault. Forget your injustice, and accept an advantage you cannot too much cherish.

Alas! madam, cried I, in an accent of grief and despair, what can I gain by your love on such cruel conditions as you propose to me? When I am the reward of your compliance, replied the lady, ought you to balance any considerations against so great an acquisition? Would you have me believe, that there is something dearer to you than myself? You are dearer to me than all things, replied I; but can
I be

I be worthy of you, if I have the weakness and cowardice to sully my honour by renouncing my religion——. Peace, peace, perfidious man, cried she, interrupting me with the utmost passion: Make use no more of your false reasons to justify pretences that would not disquiet you, had you really loved me. But go, thou art unworthy of my favours. I am at length resolved; and leave thee to thy own ingratitude.

At these words, which much agitated me, she stood silent: Then re-assuming her speech with an air of coldness, which confessed no less rage than the accent in which she spoke: Aboulfaouaris, pursued she, never let me see you more; wait my orders; you shall soon be acquainted with what I determine concerning your fate. In speaking thus, she left the apartment with an emotion equal to mine; but we were moved with quite different passions.

I then knew what I had to apprehend from the disposition in which I found things. If at times I was so passionate a lover, as to think with pleasure of dying by the hands of the object beloved; at others, the love for life made me think of means to escape. But how should I obtain my end? I was kept always in sight, and the lady's orders were all exactly performed. Nor could I ever find means to inform my host of the place where I was.

Every day I expected to hear what sentence she had passed upon me, and three weeks elapsed without hearing any thing. The uncertainty in which I lived,

lived, had something in it more terrible than any sentence they could pronounce. I desired to have an end put to this suspense, let what would be the consequence.

In short, the moment I wished for came. As I was rising to dress myself one morning, after having spent a night more troublesome than usual, five or six of Canzada's slaves entered my chamber. They conducted a number of people, habited otherwise than those of Serendib; he who appeared to be the chief of these strangers, looked upon me some time with attention; and at last gravely broke silence, and bid me follow him. He said this with an air, which made me conclude that I must obey him.

We crossed the palace, and when we were got to the gate, I asked one of my conductors, whither they pretended to carry me. That you will know in time, answered he; but we are expressly forbid to tell you. These men conducted me to the port; I embarked with them; they presently got ready; and we set sail.

When we were out at sea, the master of the ship informed me, that he was of the kingdom of Golconda, that Canzada had given me to him for a slave, and that he was charged particularly never to grant me liberty to return to Basra; he said no more, nor asked me any question about that lady. This gave me room to judge, that since she had hid from him her affections for me, and the affront of my refusing her, she had engaged him to promise,
that

that he would not inform himself of the reasons she had to rid her hands of me.

Such was the revenge of Canzada; whom I cannot accuse of rigour. She punished me too mildly for the crime that I had been guilty of. When I reflected, however, that I should return no more to my father, or my country, my slavery became insupportable. I afflicted myself much at first; but making a virtue of necessity, I studied to serve my master faithfully, who was a very good man, and did not want sense. I was not satisfied merely to do what he ordered me, I endeavoured to prevent his desires, and found from time to time he was more and more pleased with me.

MRS. EGERTON.

I think, Mr. Egerton, this lady, though a virtuous one, was far from being sufficiently circumspect in her behaviour.

MR. EGERTON.

It is very true, my love; but we must make an allowance for eastern manners: Had she acted so imprudently in England, her virtue would not only have been sullied, but her reputation would have been lost, however innocent she might in reality have been.

MISS FORRESTER.

I think too, Sir, considering how violently she was in love, she acted rather cruelly, to send her lover into slavery.

MR.

MR. EGERTON.

Perhaps so, but in this again we must make an allowance for customs and countries. Her lover, you hear, thought his punishment a mild one.

CHARLES EGERTON.

But I thought, Sir, you taught us to expect something of the marvellous. I think this is tolerably probable for an eastern tale.

MR. EGERTON.

Have patience, and proceed.

THE ADVENTURES OF ABOULFAOUARIS.

PART II.

WE sailed round the Island of Ceylon to come northward into the Gulph of Bengal, and were just ready to enter the Gulph, when the most violent storm arose that was ever seen in those seas. We wanted a full south wind to carry us to the northward; but a north west wind drove us directly south-east, quite contrary to our intended course for Golconda. We were driven we knew not whither; the storm wearied the art of the mariners; who seeing themselves in danger, quitted their labour, and left the vessel to the pleasure of the winds and waves.

This wind lasted fifteen days, with such impetuosity, that it carried us six hundred leagues out of

our course. It changed at last, and filled us with joy; but we were disturbed by an adventure so very extraordinary as scarcely to appear credible.

We were on the point of the Isle of Java, on the east side, when we perceived near us a man struggling against the waves, to keep himself from sinking. He kept fast hold of a plank, that supported him, and made signs to us to come and help him. Compassion is commendable, but sometimes very dangerous; as you will understand by the sequel.

We hoisted out our boat, and brought him aboard. He appeared to be about forty years old; of a monstrous shape; his head large, his hair short and thick, his mouth excessively wide; his teeth appeared long, and very sharp: his arms nervous, his hands large, and on each finger a long crooked nail. His eyes, which I had done wrong to omit, resembled those of a tiger, and he had a flat nose, with very open nostrils. His whole physiognomy was shocking, and he had a sullen air, capable of changing into terror that compassion with which he at first inspired us.

When he was brought to Dehaousch the master, he said, Sir, I owe my life to you; I was upon the point of perishing without your assistance. It is true, replied the master, you had been presently drowned, if you had not had the good fortune to meet us.—It is not the sea which I feared, answers the man, smiling; I could live whole years in the water without hurt. That which torments me most
is

is a devouring hunger, that gnaws me; for it is almost twelve hours since I have eat. Do me the favour to bring me something to repair my lost strength after so long a fast——never mind after what manner—I am far from nice.—I eat every thing.

We looked upon one another, and judged that the danger he had been in had undoubtedly disturbed his senses, which was also the master's opinion, who, conceiving that he had full occasion to eat, ordered as much as would serve six persons; with cloaths to cover him. As for cloaths, said the stranger, I need none, I go always naked. But decency, replied Dehaousch, will not let you stay with us in the condition you are in. Ho! replied the other rudely, you will soon accustom yourselves to the fight.

This brutal answer confirmed us in the opinion, that he was not in his senses. His hunger pressed, and he was impatient to eat. He fell to kicking the hatches, grumbled, and rolled his eyes dreadfully. At length he saw what he wanted, fell upon it with a greediness that surprised us; and in a moment dispatched it.

When he had eaten up all the provision that had been brought him, with an air of authority he bid us bring more. The master of the vessel, willing to see the event, ordered that he should be obeyed, but this second service was soon swallowed; and he demanded more to eat, when one of the slaves of

the ship, provoked with the insolence of the brute, was going to treat him as he deserved; but the savage laid his two hands on his shoulders, and tore him to pieces with his sharp nails. In a moment no less than fifty sabres were lifted up against him, to revenge this horrid murder. Each man struck at him with all the resolution and boldness he was able; but we perceived, with dread, that our enemy had a skin as impenetrable as a diamond: our sabres broke or turned their edges, without being able to make an impression. One man that was the most eager against him he laid hold on, with an astonishing force, and tore him to pieces before our eyes.

When we found our sabres useless, and that we could not wound him, we fell all together upon him to throw him into the sea; but he was immovable: for, besides prodigious strength, he struck his crooked nails into the wood of the hatches, and kept his hold, like a rock in the midst of the waves. Far from being dismayed at our attempt, he told us, with a sour smile, my friends, you have undertaken an ill business; I have reduced those who were as untractable as yourselves. If you continue to oppose my will, I shall use you all I have done your two comrades.

Chilled with fear we made no further resistance. A third time we fetched him something to eat, he sat down to table, and as soon as he observed that we were at last determined to submit, he became good humoured. He now seemed sorry that we had
forced

forced him to what he had done ; and told us very calmly, that he esteemed us for the service we had done him, in taking him out of the sea, where he must have died of hunger in a few hours : that he wished there would come some other vessel well stored with provisions, because he would then throw himself aboard her, and trouble us no farther. He laughed and jested like a common man, and we should have found him very diverting, if circumstances would have permitted us to relish his pleasantry.

In short, he made a fourth meal, and then abstained two hours from eating. During this interval, he asked us, one after another, about our country, customs, and adventures. We hoped that the fumes of indigestion would rise to his brain, and waited with impatience till sleep should overpower his senses, that we might throw him suddenly into the sea. This hope was our only resource ; for though we had had ever so much provision in our ship, at his way of eating, he would have devoured it in a little time. But, alas ! we flattered ourselves with vain hopes. This wretch, as if he had penetrated our designs, informed us he never slept. The quantity that I eat, says he, restores the weakness of nature, and serves instead of rest.

We understood with grief this sad truth. We deplored our ill fortune, and the master despaired of ever returning to Golconda, when on a sudden the air appeared darkened, a tempest seemed gathering, and we were the more glad of it, because a storm

would afford us hopes of saving ourselves. Our vessel might dash against a rock as we came in sight of some island, where we might by swimming, perhaps, get rid of the monster; who undoubtedly had promised himself, after he had eaten up all our provisions, to devour the crew.

We wished therefore for a violent tempest, and even prayed to heaven that we might sink. But we were deceived; for what we took for a gathering of clouds and vapours, was only one of the largest rokhs that was ever seen in those seas. This monstrous bird came souse down impetuously upon the deck, and snatched off our enemy from the midst of the ship's crew, who had no time to arm himself against such a surprize. We were not aware ourselves of it till some moments after, when the bird was mounted in the air with his prey.

We then saw an extraordinary combat; the man finding himself suspended in the air by the talons of a winged monster, which he felt the strength of, began now to defend himself. He had his hands at liberty; he struck his hooked nails into the body of the rokh, and, at the same time, setting his teeth upon his breast, he fell to devouring the flesh and feathers, when the bird made such a hideous cry, as rent the air around; and to revenge itself, struck out both the eyes of its enemy with one of its talons. Though blinded he quitted not his hold, but the rokh collecting together the remainder of strength in death, pierced his head with one stroke
of

of the beak ; so that both fell down dead into the sea.

Thus we find that it was written upon the table of predestination, that we should be delivered from this dangerous monster. As soon as we saw ourselves rid of him, we could not enough admire our good fortune, and were sorry for the death of the rokh who had delivered us. We continued our voyage, and entertained ourselves with this adventure. Having now a constant favourable wind, after several days sail, we discovered land. On the first notice of it we took the altitudes, and found that we were on the west point of the Isle of Java, which, with the east of the Isle of Sumatra, forms the entrance into the Streights of Sonde, not far from the City of Bantam. Overjoyed at this discovery, we crowded our sails ; and in a little time arrived at Bantam.

There we took in fresh provisions, and set sail for Batavia. As soon as Dehaousch had finished his affairs there, we sailed towards the kingdom of Golconda, where we arrived in about a month's navigation from the Isles of the Sonde.

My patron was received in the capital where he resided with a general applause, for he was beloved by every body.

After a thousand and a thousand caresses from his family, he presented me to his wife and daughter, as a slave for whom he had a particular regard, and prayed them to take in good part the services I should

render them. In a little time I acquired great reputation with them. The other slaves, far from being jealous, appeared pleased to see me so well treated. It is true that I procured them the best usage I could, and often occasioned them to be better rewarded than they deserved.

In short, the friendship that Dehaousch had for me increased so much that he said to me one day; Aboulfaouaris, for I had neither hid from him my name nor my country, you cannot but have taken notice that I have ever distinguished you from the rest of my slaves. At the first instant that I saw you, I took a fancy to you, and I have spared nothing to soften the rigour of your slavery: I design to give you yet greater marks of my affection. You have seen my daughter; there is not, perhaps, a more beautiful girl in Golconda. You shall marry her; I have sounded her upon this subject, and find you are not displeasing to her.

I was so stunned at this proposition, that it was not difficult for him to judge the news was not very agreeable to me. How! said he, does what I propose disturb you? Is the advantage of being my heir, with the enjoyment of Facrinnissa, so very inconsiderable, that it cannot raise the ambition of a slave? Sir, answered I, the honour of being your son-in-law would be sufficient to tempt me, were you a Mussulman as I am; but you are a Heathen.—If you have no other obstacle but that, replied my master, we shall soon agree; for I am resolved to
turn

turn Mahometan, and my daughter is in the same resolution: In spite of the prejudices with which our Gentile priests have filled my mind, I am weary of paying divine honours to oxen and cows: I have too much reason not to acknowledge it to be a wretched superstition, and I think there is a supreme Being above all other deities; therefore, my son, accept my proposal, without scruple or delay.

Though Facrinnissa was lovely, and the proffer advantageous; and though, on the score of my religion, I had nothing to reproach myself with in marrying my master's daughter, I had still a reluctance to this marriage, which could be no more than the effect of my remembrance of Canzada. However, I was so far master of myself, as to say nothing of it to my patron, who, believing that I consented, as I made no opposition to it, went to carry the news to his wife and daughter.

I had presently a conversation with Facrinnissa, who appeared so gay and contented, that I could not help thinking that my person pleased her. Aboulfaouaris, said she, my father hath made choice of you for my husband, and I doubt not of your generosity towards the promoting of my good fortune, though at the loss of your own. You are not deceived in me, fair lady, answered I, there is nothing that I will not do for the charming Facrinnissa. Hear me, replied she, and you shall understand the service I require of you. I love the son of a merchant of Golconda; and I am passionately beloved

by him: he hath asked me of my father several times, who always refused him, because of an ancient grudge which is kept up betwixt our families. I would have you marry me, and, the day after our marriage divorce me, as through anger; afterwards feign as if you would take me again, and then chuse my lover for your hulla. I understand you, said I, you only desire that I should marry you to deliver you up to him whom you love: very well, madam, I agree to do so: how difficult soever it will be to yield up the possession of such an object, I think myself capable of so great a self-denial. But what will my master say? You are not ignorant of the obligations I have to him. Surprised at my conduct, he will not fail to reproach me. What shall I answer? Let not this give you any uneasiness, replied she, follow exactly the advice I shall give you, and I promise you my father will not complain of you.

Upon the faith of this promise, I assured her that I was disposed to promote her love after the manner that she desired. Charmed with this assurance, she pressed her father to hasten the marriage, which was celebrated in a few days—she abjured her religion beforehand, and embraced Mahometanism. All I obtained from my union with Facrinnissa, was obliging the lady to renounce her idolatry sooner than she would otherwise have done. Lovely as she was, I sacrificed the rights of a husband to the honour of keeping the promise I had given; and looked upon her only as a pledge entrusted with me, which
I was

I was obliged honourably to restore. I was not long charged with it. A few days after our marriage I divorced her. My master, as I had foreseen, astonished at my proceeding, came to my house: for you must know, that the very day we were married, we lived in a house by ourselves. He asked me for what reason I had divorced Facrinnissa? I answered him, that I found she had a passion for another, and that not being willing to possess a woman against her inclinations, I had repudiated her. He laughed at my niceness, and told me that his daughter would by degrees love me better. In short, he exhorted me to take her again, and I pretended I would. I will go into the city, said I to him, find out a hulla, and bring him this night before the cady: to-morrow we will renew our nuptials, in hopes of better success.

My patron returned home something better satisfied; he left to me the care of chusing a hulla, and the rest of the ceremony. I went and found out Facrinnissa's lover, and they were married before me by the cady's lieutenant. They passed the night together. The next day the hulla refusing to divorce his wife, I went to my master's house, and dissembling a grief I never felt, told him that the hulla, contrary to what he had promised me the day before, refused to divorce the lady.

We ought to know who this hulla is, said De-haousch; if he is poor, I have reputation and money enough to take my daughter from him. Dur-

ing the time he was speaking, the nayb or cady's deputy came in, and said; "Sir, I come to inform you that the hulla, whom your son-in-law hath chosen, is the son of Amer, the merchant; therefore your daughter is lost as to her first husband, for the second is resolved never to part with her. I know very well that Amer is not your friend, but I would advise you to be reconciled to him in favour of this marriage, and forget the hatred you have so long borne towards him."

The nayb, not contented to exhort my patron to an accommodation with the family of his new son-in-law, offered to speak himself to Amer, and spare nothing to make them friends. Dehaousch reasoned properly in this affair, and therefore was not hard to be reconciled; and the lieutenant finding Amer in the same disposition, established between the two fathers a perfect understanding. But the best of all was, my patron, prepossessed that I was the victim of this reconciliation, pitied me, and, by way of recompense, gave me a large sum of money, with liberty to return to Basra.

Thus was Facrinnissa freed from a husband for whom she had no affection, and married to her lover. As soon as I saw their good fortune secured, I went from Golconda, and joining myself to some people who were going to Surat, got to the seaside, embarked in a vessel that presently set sail, and we had a happy voyage. The next day, finding no shipping ready to go for Basra, I was obliged to stay at Surat.

The

The city of Surat is too agreeable, and too full of curiosities, for one to be weary of it in a short time. I went sometimes to the public baths, which are very fine, and where there is better attendance than in any other place in the world. I walked about the city and avenues, and in the many delightful gardens that are open to all sorts of people.

One day a man somewhat advanced in years met me at the turn of an alley, saluted me very civilly, and we joined conversation. He appeared frank and sincere, told me that he was a Gentile, and that he had in the road of Surat a vessel belonging to him, in which every year he made a voyage. To be equally free with him, I told him that I was a Mahometan, and related to him my adventures.

He seemed so sensible of my misfortunes, as to surprise me. I observe my son, said he, that you are astonished to see me take part in your afflictions: but, besides that I am naturally compassionate, I must tell you that I have a great friendship for you, though you are not of my religion. I am concerned at the dangers you have run through; and should you tell them to your own father, he could not feel himself more sensible of them than I am. O young man! cried he, how fortunate that I came to walk in these gardens! your conversation is agreeable to me, and every moment increases the affection I have conceived for you; let us go into the city and lodge together; I am old and rich; have no child; and will make you my heir. At these

these words, he took me in his arms, and embraced me with the tenderness of a father.

I thanked him for these offers of kindness, on his part, and made him lively protestations of gratitude on mine. In short, the result was, that he conducted me to his house, which was one of the finest in Surat. When the porter opened the gate, I perceived, instead of a court, two parterres, with a profusion of flowers, divided by a large walk made of a composition as hard and beautiful as marble. The walk led us to a fine building, where the furniture, though not rich, was elegant; the hangings and the sofas were of painted linen, the figures admirably wrought, and the linen exquisitely fine.

The old man invited me to bathe with him in a large basin of transparent water, which served to refresh him, as well as to fulfil the duties of his religion. The slaves attended us with the finest linen: we afterwards sat down to a table, covered with provisions, served up in china; and drank of a palm wine called Taray, extremely delicious.

At the end of our repast, my host said, I will trust you with a secret that shall convince you of my great kindness for you. I am in five days time to go from the port of Surat to an island which I visit every year, and you shall go along with me. In that island, which is uninhabitable, for it is full of tigers, there are two hundred pits that produce pearls of an extraordinary size. This is only known to myself. The captain of a vessel, to whom I was once a favourite

favourite slave, discovered this treasure to me, and informed me how I should approach these pits in spite of the wild beasts.

Certainly, said I, the captain did well in teaching you this secret, for the tigers are likely to give but an ill reception to strangers. It is easy, replied he, to drive away the most furious. We must go ashore in the night with lighted torches; the sight of fire frights them, and will make them fly from us. We will go then, and take from those precious sources a large quantity of pearl, and sell it at our return into this city: the money we shall get, added to what I have already hoarded, will make a considerable fortune for you after my death.

To convince me of the truth of what he said, he took me into his closet, and shewed roupees of gold and silver, lying in prodigious quantities. Well, said he, does this appear worth your attention? Have you any dislike to the voyage? I answered, I had not; but begged leave to write to my father of my arrival at Surat, and the reasons which detained me. My host consented, and undertook that it should be delivered to my father.

I trusted my letter to the care of Hyzoum, which was the Gentile's name, and we embarked at the port of Surat: we set sail, and after having been three weeks at sea, without any accident, we saw the little desert island, which my friend told me was that where our business lay; we moored there, and waited for night that we might land. Hyzoum ordered his
sailors

sailors to remain aboard, and advanced into the isle with no body but myself. We had each of us a lighted torch, with a number of them under our arms, and bags to put the pearl in. We looked for the pits, by the light of our torches, and we had not searched long before we discovered one of the deepest. Descend, my son, said he; I doubt not but here are fine pearls. I descended by a rope, which he held, and felt pearl under my feet. I filled the bag; the old man pulled it up, opened the shells, but could find nothing in them but pearl seed; he returned the bag again, and said, The pearls of this pit are not yet in a condition to be taken. Cover them with earth, which will make them grow, and next year we will come and take them.

He drew me up by the rope, and we went to another pit, in a large mountain that rose in the midst of the island. The shells here were singularly beautiful. I filled the bag several times, which the old man drew up, and emptied. Then turning to me, laughing, said, "Farewel, young man, I thank you for the good services you have done me."—O father, answered I, take me from hence—Thou art very well where thou art, replied the traitor; lie down upon the pearls, and take thy rest. I bring hither every year a young Mussulman like thee. Thou hast nothing to do but to pray to thy prophet. If he be able to work miracles, as thou imaginest, he will not forsake a man so zealous, and so strict to his religion. He spoke these words, and left me miserable.

O wretched Aboulfaouaris, said I to myself, to what misfortunes hath Heaven condemned thee? What hast thou done to deserve this cruel fate? But why do I complain of a misfortune I have brought upon myself? Ought not I to have distrusted a perfidious idolater? His excessive fondness! ought I not to have suspected it? But O unprofitable regret! What avails it now to blame myself for a fault which I am going too dearly to pay for, and which it depended not on me to avoid? Alas! it was my fate to fall into this abyss, and the same power which brought me in, can take me out again.

This reflexion suffered me not to give way to despair. I passed the night in running about the bottom of the pit, which seemed of vast extent. I found myself treading upon bones, and I guessed that others had perished miserably in this precipice. The thought, however, did not discourage me. Supported by our great prophet, who undoubtedly inspired me, I advanced boldly to an aperture, whence issued a frightful noise. I stopt to hearken, and, listening with an attentive ear, thought I understood the cause of the noise. I was not deceived in my conjecture: it was the fall of several waters from the sea, which penetrating into the mountain by divers clefts, met together in this place. I concluded from thence that they communicated with the sea by some large stream, by which I might pass. I threw myself in, and, almost suffocated, the waters took away my senses, dragged me along with them,
and

and cast me on the sea-coast by a crevice that was in the mountain.

When I regained my senses, and perceived the place through which the waters had brought me out to day-light, I prostrated myself on the shore, to thank Heaven for my deliverance, and addressed Mahomet in these terms: "O Prophet of the Faithful, Favourite of the Most High, I have more need than ever of thy assistance. To what purpose hast thou delivered me from the deep abyss into which I was cast, if I am to be left a prey to the wild beasts of this island, or if hunger must put an end to my life?"

Full of faith, after this prayer, I arose and walked about the island, but saw nothing of Hyzoum's ship; that traitor had soon set sail. Though I was not without fear that the tigers would devour me, I yet saw none; but soon perceived a large vessel passing near the island, and unfolded the linen of my turban to make a signal for them to come to me. Those on the deck observed me, sent out a boat, and I was taken aboard.

Judge of my joy, when I found in the captain of the ship an intimate friend of my father's, and saw by the dress of the crew that they were all inhabitants of Basra. I related to them the adventure that brought me to the island, and they heard me attention. They uttered a thousand imprecations against the old man, and I asked the captain after my father, and about matters that related to my family.

After

After this our discourse fell again on the traitor Hyzoum, when the ship's company were desirous of making a descent upon the island to search the pits. We were too many to fear the tigers, we had no need of lighted torches; and if my perfidious old fellow took that precaution, it was because he would have no body partake with him in the pearls. We then cast anchor, and went ashore, without waiting for the night. Armed with darts and sabres, to defend ourselves from the wild beasts, we descended by turns into the pits, where we found pearls in abundance. Innumerable was the quantity of shells we took up. It employed three days compleat to open them, and to divide the pearls; and there fell so much to every one's share, that all were satisfied.

MR. EGERTON.

Well, friend Charles, what is your opinion of the marvellous by this time?

CHARLES EGERTON.

Oh dear, sir, I think it a charming pretty story.

MR. EGERTON.

I knew you would. I remember how much I, at your age, delighted in reading Gulliver's Travels, without in the least suspecting the real intention of the author. The passion of surprise has a very powerful and pleasing effect upon all minds: the only difference seems to be, that it is much more difficult
to

to raise when experience has prescribed bounds to the imagination.

N A N C Y.

But pray, sir, what is the meaning of a hulla?

MR. EGERTON.

Why, my dear, among the eastern nations there is a perfect freedom of divorce, on condition that the husband returns the wife to her family, with her portion entire: and as people there, as well as here, sometimes fall out, and are afterwards sorry for it, hasty divorces occasionally take place: but in order to prevent the abuse that might arise from the caprices of whim or passion, the laws will not permit a man to take a woman again whom he has repudiated, unless she is first married, and then divorced by another. When, therefore, a husband repents of his rashness, in putting away his wife, he prevails on a friend, or hires a needy person, to marry the woman, and divorce her the next day, which person is called a hulla. Let us return to our traveller.

The ADVENTURES of ABOULFAOUARIS.

P A R T III.

We now set sail for Serendib to sell our painted callicoes of Surat, and buy cinnamon. We were sailing merrily, when all of a sudden a furious tempest arose, which drove us out of our course, we
knew

knew not whither, for six days together. On the seventh the sky was clear, but neither pilot nor captain could tell where we were. We knew not what to think, or what to do; and, in spite of all our endeavours, the vessel was drawn by violence towards a mountain, which we discovered on the eighth day.

This mountain was of great extent, and prodigious height; very steep, and, what strangely surprised us, bright and shining like polished steel. An old sailor, with a profound sigh, cried out, "We are lost! I have formerly heard talk of this place. It is fatal to all ships that come near it; so that if once you arrive at the foot of the mountain, you are detained there as by a charm; and are never more able to stand out to sea, or to get away from it."

At this relation of the old mariner, the whole crew were immoderately afflicted. Alas! says one, what are we the better for having found the pearls, if we must lose them and our lives too? Why, says another, could none among us know the danger we were in? A third made the air echo with his complaints and lamentations; and a fourth, falling upon his knees, implored the Prophet's assistance. With respect to myself, touched more with the affliction with which they were all seized, than at the dangers that threatened us, I said to the captain, "Why should we, sir, thus cowardly submit to sorrow? rather let us seek some means to extricate ourselves out of this difficulty. As for me, I have naturally courage. Whe-
ther

ther Mahomet may have this moment inspired me or not, I am no ways dismayed at the condition to which we are reduced. As soon as we arrive at the foot of the mountain, let us endeavour to gain the top of it. Mounting together, we may perhaps find a recompence for our misfortunes.

The captain, who was not the least fearful among us, answered, that he would, in complaisance, do what was proposed; but that he had no hopes that we should save ourselves. Mean while our vessel arrived at the foot of the mountain: the captain and I threw ourselves into the boat; we gained the land, began to climb the hill, and, not without difficulty, got to the top.

Here, with surprise, we saw a green dome, large and high: upon it a column of steel; towards the bottom of which was hung in chains of gold, a small drum made of aloe-wood, and a crooked stick. Above the drum hung a square piece of ebony, upon which were these words, written in letters of gold: "If any ship is so unfortunate as to be drawn to this mountain, she can never put to sea again, except after the following manner. One man of the ship's company must give three strokes with the crooked stick upon the drum. At the first stroke, the ship will get a bow-shot distance from the mountain: at the second, she will be out of sight; and at the third, will be found in the very route she should be in; but the man who strikes the drum, must voluntarily remain behind, and consent to let the rest be gone."

When

When we had read this inscription, which appeared to us a talisman, we returned aboard to inform the crew of our discovery. Every one was ravished to know that there was a way for deliverance; but no body would be the victim. The meanest sailor refused to sacrifice himself for the rest. Well then, said I, I will remain here; I am willing to be an offering for you all, provided you will promise me, that when you get from hence you will go to Basra; that you will tell my father the news, and faithfully deliver into his hands all the pearls which have fallen to my lot.

At this discourse, they solemnly beseeched Heaven to shipwreck them, if they punctually performed not what I desired of them. The captain assured me, as well as the rest, that if I had the resolution to stay behind, they would return to Basra without going to Ceylon. He expressed also some concern at losing me; but I could easily perceive he was glad to get out of danger. In short, I embraced the crew, and bade them all a long farewell. They set me ashore, and I ascended alone to the top of the mountain. Advancing towards the dome, I took the crooked stick in my hand, struck the drum, and our vessel departed from the mountain. I struck again, and at the second stroke I lost sight of her. I struck the third time; and then remained under the dome ready to consummate my sacrifice, and undergo the fate reserved for me.

I failed not again to address myself to the Prophet, and, secure in his protection, advanced boldly
into

into the mountain, which was above two leagues in extent. After an hour's travel, I perceived a decrepit old man. He had a bald head, a long white beard, and hollow eyes. He seemed to be drawing his last breath, was sitting upon a stone at the door of a little house, and had a short stick in his hand. I saluted him respectfully, and asked him to tell me, why the vessels which passed at a certain distance from the mountain were drawn to it in spite of themselves; and who the author of the talisman was, by virtue of which they were carried to sea again.

The old man raised himself up, and returned my salute, leaning upon his staff, while his head shook with weakness. He told me, that the ships were drawn towards the mountain by the force of the currents: that, as to the talisman, which consisted in the drum, he knew not who made it; but if I were curious to know the mystery, I must continue my road, and that I should meet his brother, who was much older than he, and who could give me some light into the matter. I presently took leave of him, and found indeed a second old man, but he appeared to be more vigorous; for he had only begun to grow grey, and one would have thought him rather the son than the senior brother of the other. I asked him, as I had done the first, if he knew who it was that had made the talisman. No, replied he, I know not who it was; if any one can tell you, it is undoubtedly my elder brother, whom you will find on the road a little further.

I con-

I continued to march on, and presently perceived a man digging. He had not a grey hair on his head, and appeared much too strong to be older than the other two I had seen before. Father, said I, I have met with two old men who have bantered me. I desired them to tell me who was the author of the talisman on the mountain. They said they knew not, but that they had an elder brother who could inform me. The old man smiled at these words, and answered, my son, they told you the truth, they are both younger than I am.

If this answer of the third old man surprised me, that which he added still increased my wonder. They call us, said he, the three old men of the mountain: the first that you met is much the youngest; he is not above fifty years old. The reason of his being so worn out and decrepit is, because he had a bad wife and children, who gave him a great deal of uneasiness. The second is seventy-five, and he is ruddier and stronger than the other, because he had a good wife, and no children: as for me, I am more vigorous than my brothers, though I am past a hundred, because I would never marry.

As to the talisman, pursued he, the author of which you desire to know, I have heard it said in my youth, that it was composed by a great Indian cabalist, and that is all that I know of it. I asked him afterwards, if I was near any country inhabited. Yes, answered he, you need but follow the road

which you are in, and you will presently come to a vast plain, which bounds another mountain, at the foot of which there are two paths, one on the right, and the other on the left hand. Follow the former; it will lead you to a great city, which hath a very fine port. Take care not to follow the left hand path, for that will carry you into a wood, where dwell very wicked men, the descendants of a monstrous race of giants: they are cannibals, and have women who come to the confines of their territories, and endeavour to entice all passengers by their arts and blandishments to follow them into their country.

I thanked the old man for the information he gave me, and was resolved not to neglect his cautions. When I had crossed the plain, I took the road on the right hand, and it brought me, as he said, to a very large city, well peopled. The streets and the houses were beautiful, and the port full of shipping. I guessed there must be a great trade, and I was not deceived. I saw ships that came from the kingdom of Canara and Visapour loaded with pepper; others filled with the spices of Cananor, and some with cinnamon. I saw merchants of all countries. As I was busy in observing the port, a man came up to me. We looked upon and knew one another. It was Habib, my father's correspondent at Serendib. After we had embraced several times, Who would have thought, cried he, that I should have met Aboulfaouaris here? What fatal adventure forced
you

you to leave Serendib without bidding me farewell, without giving me notice of your departure; and by what unexpected good fortune are you restored to me?

I told him my adventure with Canzada, and what had happened to me since. On his side, he informed me, that he had a ship in the port; that he was come to sell cinnamon, that he had disposed of his cargo, and that in twenty-four hours he hoped to be gone. I expressed to him the joy I had to find him again. He conducted me on board his ship, and the same day we set sail for Serendib. I was overjoyed to return thither, and you may think that Canzada was the principal cause of the pleasure that I conceived to myself of seeing that city again. We arrived after a short voyage, because we had all along a favourable wind.

I was very impatient to learn news of Canzada, whom I could not forbear loving, though I had no great reason to be pleased with the treatment she had given me. I went out one morning from Habib's, with a design to spare no pains to get what intelligence I could of her, when a kind of slave stopped me in the street; Sir, said he to me, do you remember me? No, answered I, but yet your face is not altogether unknown to me; I have a confused idea of having seen you, but cannot say where. I know you well, replied he, you are a Mussulman; you are called Aboulfaouaris; I had the honour to wait on you during your abode with the princess Canzada,

to whom I was, and still am, a slave. It was I that by her order went to find out your master Dehaousch, into whose hands you were delivered. I was sorry to be put upon that office, and I beg you would believe I was.

My heart leaped with joy at the slave's discourse. My dear friend, said I to him, making him accept of a diamond ring, inform me, I conjure you, in what condition is the princess, who is always dear to me, in spite of her rigours: Is she in the same state in which I left her? No, sir, replied the slave, her affairs are much altered within these two months: the king of Ceylon made her espouse an old lord of the court, who was in love with her. She could not help obeying; she is married.

The grief I expressed at this news was so severe, that the slave appeared touched at it. I am sorry, said he, that the marriage of my mistress should give you so much trouble: It is your own fault; why would you not renounce your Prophet? You would then at this time have enjoyed the finest woman in the world, and an immense treasure. Had I been in your place, I would not have taken so much time to consider as you did: the first day, the first hour, the first minute, I would have determined to do whatever Canzada had desired me. From how much affliction might you have exempted both yourself and her! For after your departure she fell sick, and had like to have lost her life.

I know

I know not, continued he, whether I should tell her, that you are come to Serendib; I fear it will renew the grief which she so long cherished, and which is not yet dispelled. On the other side, I see you so much afflicted, that I cannot resolve to deprive you of all consolation. I promise you then, that this day my mistress shall know that I have seen you. One of her women shall tell her, that you repent of your past conduct, and that if you could make amends for it, you would not hesitate a moment at renouncing Mahomet's doctrine for her sake. No, no, cried I, take care that you promise nothing that I ought not to do, though it were in my power to obtain the princess at the price. Tell her only that I am in despair for having lost her, and to understand that she is discontented with her condition.

The slave swore, that he would exactly perform the commission I charged him with; then left me, and I remained in a state of mind equally mixed with joy and grief. If the change of Canzada's condition afflicted me, I felt some joy when I came to think that she might still perhaps have some affection for me. Flattered with so agreeable an idea, I waited every day for the slave's coming to inquire for me at Habib's, where I had told him I lodged; but my expectation was vain; one entire month passed, and I heard no news of Canzada.

I guessed then that the slave had made a wrong judgment of his mistress's sentiments; that the lord she had married was beloved by her; or, in short, that the lady's virtue had triumphed over the inclination she had for me. Full of this last thought, which I had the vanity to think well grounded, I retired to a fine country-house which my father's correspondent had, three quarters of a league from the city of Serendib.

I employed my time in walking, or, more properly, in musing as I walked, on the object that inflamed me. One day I was got insensibly a good way from Habib's house, and passing along the river-side, came to a magnificent pagod, which was built on the bank. After having admired the structure, I suddenly gave attention to what seemed very deserving of it. I saw several Gentoo priests, who were erecting a sort of hut with reeds, and other combustible matters. I went and asked what they were doing. One, amongst the rest, answered; certainly you have not been long at Serendib, or you would not ask me this question. Are you such a stranger to the custom of the Gentoos, as not to know that this is the place appointed for funerals? It is here that we burn dead bodies; here that the wives, sacrificing themselves to the manes of their husbands, acquire immortal glory. One of the principal lords of the court of Serendib is dead, his body is to be burnt on the river's side five or six hours hence, and his faithful spouse will be consumed

sumed in the very flames which are to reduce him to ashes.

Having never seen this ceremony, I resolved to be a witness of it. I could not help deploring the bigotry of these idolaters, whose sacrilegious piety consecrates rage and madness ; or, rather, I laid the blame on their priests, of whom I had heard much at Surat. This horrible custom is continued amongst the Gentoos.

Near the hour that this detestable execution drew nigh, the fields were filled with people ; some on foot, some on horseback, and others on palanquins, and preceded by slaves, carrying standards, or blowing the trumpet. The governor of Serendib was mounted on an elephant, in the midst of ten or twelve persons, sitting under a tent, which was raised on the back of the animal. In two or three hours, there were above thirty thousand persons about the pagod and the hut. Not willing to let any circumstance of this ceremony escape my curiosity, I pierced the croud, and got as near the funeral pile as it was possible. Twenty priests, who had each of them a book, began all to pray while in waiting for the victim.

It was almost night when she arrived. She was mounted on a white horse richly caparisoned, crowned with flowers, and followed the corpse of her husband, which six men carried on a stately palanquin. Twelve women, adorned with jewels, bracelets, and great rings of gold and silver, attended her ;

they had all long hair, with necklaces of pearl, fine pendants in their ears, and crowns of gold, with plates of silver enriched by rubies, which covered one half of the face. Musicians followed the women slaves. Her parents and friends came next singing and dancing, to shew their felicity in having, some for a relation and others for their friend, so generous a woman.

With the assistance of two priests she dismounted, and was conducted to the banks of the river, where the body of her husband was brought; she washed it from head to foot; and then delivered it to the priests, who carried it into the hut upon a straw mat covered with sulphur. She rose up, without undressing herself, went near to the pile, walked several times round it, and beheld the preparations that were making for her sacrifice with great intrepidity. She embraced her parents and friends, who presently retired; she was embraced by her women slaves, dissolved in tears; to whom she gave liberty, and distributed the jewels and ornaments with which she was dressed. When she took off the silver plate, which covered half her face, and which, till then, had hindered me from knowing her, guess at my astonishment, when I discovered Canzada. All nature reversed at once, could not have more surprised me.

Great God! said I to myself, can I believe my eyes? May I not doubt of what I see? Is it really Canzada who is going to suffer so cruel a death?

The

The grief I was in, would not suffer me to see the sacrifice performed; I left her in the hands of the priest, who having exhorted her to render herself worthy, by her constancy, of the happiness that attended her, they put her into the hut, and presented to her, according to custom, a lighted torch, to set fire to it herself. I flew towards Habib's country-house, in a disposition of mind not to be described. Disturbed, forlorn, I knew not what I did; I turned every moment my eyes towards the place of ceremony, and the flames of the pile which I saw rising in the air, rent my heart asunder.

At last I arrived there: he asked the cause of the disorder which appeared in me: I told it him, and my generous friend answered me tear for tear. I am surprised, said he, that Canzada would perish to follow an old lord, whom she did not love. Why, said I, was it then in her power to have survived him? Are not the wives here obliged to burn themselves with the bodies of their husbands? No, replied Habib, they are not constrained to sacrifice themselves: on the contrary, the governor of the city, by the king's order, causes the widows that seek this death to come before him: he interrogates them upon the reasons of so fatal a design, and endeavours to persuade them to desist from it. In short, he grants them leave to die, only when they absolutely demand it of him.

Canzada, pursued he, was very willing to die, persuaded, as all women are, who sacrifice them-

selves, that she should procure to herself, by a glorious and voluntary death, an eternal happiness. Besides, she may have been urged on, by the honours that are paid to those miserable victims after their death; for their memories here are held in veneration; even statues are erected to them among those of the pagods. In a word, they are regarded as deities; and this, no doubt, is what inspires our women who demand death, with that fortitude which makes them look upon the preparation of their sacrifice without changing colour.

These reflections of Habib raised others in me. I represented to myself, that if Canzada had loved me as much as I loved her, she would not have been so ready to destroy herself; that she would have made me the proposal, that if I would marry her on the conditions which I had rejected, she would not sacrifice herself; that she ought to have put me to this proof, which undoubtedly, however, would have very much perplexed me.

Sir, said I to Habib, whatever reasons I have to forget Canzada, I despair of ever doing it; I cannot stay at Serendib after what has happened, give me leave to return to Basra. My host consented; we returned to Serendib the next morning, and the first thing I did was to inquire for a ship that was to go from thence to any part of India: I was informed that one of Surat, laden with callicoes, was just arrived in the port, and that her cargo would soon be sold off. I resolved to make use of this opportunity,
and

and waiting for the day of my departure, I led a very melancholy life with Habib. Whatever care my friend took to overcome my distress, he could not conquer it; he spared nothing to compass his end; not a day passed, in which he did not find out some new diversion, and every meal we ate he accompanied with dancing and concerts.

One day as I was sitting thus in misery, a slave came to speak with me in private. He was the same that I met on my arrival here, who had made me fair promises, which he had not performed. Sir, said he, I protest it is not my fault that you have not seen me sooner; my mistress forbade me to speak to you again, and I dared not disobey her. She was a princess of heroic virtue, and would have no further to say to you: not content to be faithful to a husband she did not love, she gave herself to the flames, to gain the veneration of the Gentoos: but let us leave her to the enjoyment of a happiness she dearly bought, and come to the business that has brought me hither. I am, at present, a slave to another lady, not less fair than Canzada, and who loves you more: I understand you are upon the point of embarking for Surat; but before your departure, I would advise you to make use of the good fortune that presents itself.

I was more surprised than pleased at the slave's discourse. Friend, said I, it is with grief that I find myself reduced to be ungrateful to the favourable sentiments your new mistress hath conceived for me:

the image of Canzada is always in my thoughts, and leaves me little relish for new adventures. The lady whom you serve must pardon me, if I refuse her favours. Having never seen her, my indifference can be no offence.

It must be confessed, replied the slave, that I am not fortunate in my negotiations; I am certain, however, you would be charmed with her, whatever obligations you may have had to Canzada. You are mistaken, said I, you are used to judge wrong of the emotions of the heart; you imagined that your former mistress loved me still, and desired nothing more than my arrival at Serendib. You are in the right to reproach me thus, said the slave; but upon this occasion, be assured that I am certain of what I advance; give me leave only to come for you this night, and take you to the place appointed. No, said I, no, I cannot prevail with myself to believe you; I know women too well, to put her upon trial. What a vexation would she be in, should she find that I cannot love her. In vain did the slave assure me she would hearken to reason, and not impute to me as a crime my constancy to Canzada. I refused to see her: and persuaded myself I should hear no more either of the slave or the lady; but he found me out again at night, and brought me a letter, which contained the substance of what follows: "The conversation you have had with my slave, gives me pleasure; it increases the impatience I had to see ~~to~~ you; and if
you

you be so really concerned about Canzada as you appear to be, both you and I shall presently be better satisfied with each other."

This mysterious language gave me room for much speculation. I could not resist the desire I had of clearing up the matter: I followed the slave, who conducted me to a small house, and led me into a very plain lodging, where he left me, saying, he would acquaint the lady I was there. I did not wait long for her—she came—but oh! think what confusion I was in, when I beheld the Princess Canzada herself, whom I supposed to be reduced to ashes!

Aboulfaouaris's auditors stood amazed: He perceived it, smiled, and continued his relation.

I believed it, at first, to be an apparition. The features of a woman, the most dear to me in the world, put me in as great dismay, as a real spectre could have produced; she observed my confusion, and could not forbear laughing. Aboulfaouaris, said she, 'twas not to frighten you that I desired to see you; 'tis not Canzada's shade you see, 'tis she herself: Your surprise indeed has some foundation. We cannot discover on a sudden, a person whom we believed to be dead, without much emotion; but I will dispel your fear, by convincing you that I yet live.

She then told me, that she had bribed the Chief Priest, and in what manner that pious person had saved her from the flames, for a considerable sum of money.

money. He caused a passage to be made privately under ground by the other priests, whom he entrusted with the secret. The funeral pile was erected over that subterranean passage, into which, said she, I descended, after having set fire to the reeds that consumed nothing but my husband's body. The night being come, and the spectators retired, the Chief Priest himself conducted me to this house that I had hired before-hand.

But, my Princess, said I, why deceive the people by a pretended death? Why feign to follow your aged husband? They forced you not to die with him; you might have spared that dissimulation. No, replied the lady, I found myself under the necessity of doing what I have done; you will be convinced of this truth, when I tell you that I have a design to join my fate to your's, to abjure idolatry, and to go to Basra with you, and profess the religion of Mahomet. It must have been your prophet himself that inspired me with this great enterprise. My relations now believing me dead, I can without fear leave Serendib, and unite my lot to your's. This was the motive that urged me to an action, that not only amazes you, but, without doubt, astonishes the world; for they well know, that I never loved the old Lord whom I married in obedience to the King. They imagine that the vanity of passing for a heroine, and having a statue among the pagods, induced me to die with my husband; but reason, or perhaps my love for you, made me reflect maturely on so superstitious a sacrifice.

And

And is it then, my Queen, said I, in favour of Aboulfaouaris, that you have employed this ingenious stratagem? Was it to live with me, that you resolved to go from Ceylon? Is it to crown me with joy that you resolve to follow the doctrine of our great prophet? Oh beautiful Canzada! at this moment you make me the happiest of men.—I threw myself at her knees, and embraced them with transport. Rise up, Aboulfaouaris, said she, I doubt whether you have reason to boast so much of your happiness; Canzada is no longer so precious a conquest: Alas! I am not now mistress of all the riches I gave you with my heart: I have given the best part of them to the priests that served me; and I paid dear to the Governor of Ceylon, for his permission to devote myself to the flames with my deceased husband.

At these words, which gave me so fair an occasion to declare my love, I looked on her with tenderness, and said, how unjust, my charming Canzada, are you to suspect me of not having sentiments as free from self-interest as your own! When in the stately palace, where you detained me, you exposed your treasures to my view, I call Heaven to witness, my heart was set on you alone.

She told me, that my sentiments were such as she desired; that she was not stript of all, and that she had jewels enough still to make her a fortune, wherewith I should have reason to be content. She spoke of the mischiefs she had occasioned me, and said,

said, she had sufficiently atoned for them by her grief. We agreed after this, to go for Basra as soon as possible. I took leave of my landlord, conducted her that night to the harbour, and embarked with her, and some faithful slaves who carried her jewels.

We arrived at Surat without the least danger, and found there a Basra ship that was returning home. We made use of the occasion, and, as if Heaven were willing to let us know that it favoured us, we arrived at Basra with the most fortunate expedition.

No joy could equal that of my father when he saw me again. After our first embraces, I presented Canzada to him, whose quality needed no boast: Her noble air and her beauty confessed at full what she was. He received her with the highest tokens of esteem, and conceived for her all the tenderness of a father. When he had heard her story, which I related to him in the terms of a passionate lover, I then gave him an account of my travels. He afterwards informed me, that he had received my pearls from the Captain, who had taken charge of them.

My father and I conducted the lady to the Cady, to whom she abjured her idolatrous faith, before many witnesses. He then asked her, if she consented that I should be her husband? She answered, that it was the dearest desire of her heart; and upon that answer the Judge married us. My father, to
celebrate

celebrate our nuptials, invited our relations and friends to a splendid feast and great rejoicings, which lasted six days together.

D I A L O G U E VII.

MR. EGERTON.

BEFORE we read our long story yesterday, I told you, children, that the moral most conspicuous in it was the value and necessity of Fortitude. I shall now take occasion to continue that subject, by pointing out to you the beauty and worth of this inestimable virtue. You must have patience, if I seem prolix.

That it is the duty of a man to be equal to all fortunes, is a doctrine that cannot be too strongly inculcated: And the reasons why he should be so, are so plain, so conspicuous, that when I look round, and see all the world, with very few exceptions, shrinking from the most trifling degrees of pain, grieving at insignificant accidents, and desponding beneath common misfortunes, I am amazed.

Let us but reflect, that the utmost malice of fate can do nothing more than deprive us of life, and
that

that the longest life must very soon inevitably end ; and what will there remain for us to fear ? Besides, if the evils that afflict us be in our own power to remove, to grieve would be ridiculous, as well as pusillanimous ; and if they be not, but are without remedy, to be terrified, or sink under them, is equally so. How many people make their lives miserable, by a continued round of false alarms ? Every occurrence in the day is a misfortune. If they cut a finger, they mourn over it ; if their head ach, they are going to die ; and if the apothecary sends a draught, the taste is so nauseous, that, after tormenting themselves with irresolute attempts to force it down, they fling it away. At night, when they should rest from their cares, and enjoy a temporary death, the reality of which appears horrible, they cannot sleep, for the dread of thieves or fire ; never considering that it were better to be robbed or suffer almost any punishment, than live in the fear of that punishment.

Oh ! my children, I would have you despise the pusillanimity that would discompose a feature while you swallow a potion, or stretch forth a limb to have a wound dressed. Be assured, that pain decreases in proportion as it is defied, and becomes horrible as the fear of it is indulged ; and remember likewise, that it is impossible to be happy, much less magnanimous, till you are masters of your own fate, till you can behave with equanimity under all fortunes ; that is, till you are superior to fear.

It

It is only those opportunities where the possession of fortitude is apparent, that discover the truly great man. What a noble, what a superior magnanimity, did Fabricius shew before Pyrrhus! The command he had obtained over himself, his unshaken steadiness, and the reliance he could place on it, was so great, that it was astonishing. He was sent Ambassador from the Romans, to treat with Pyrrhus concerning the ransom, or exchange, of prisoners. At their first interview, Pyrrhus, who had heard, from Cineas, a great character of Fabricius, prest him to receive a valuable present in gold; not with a view to engage him in any thing dishonourable, but as a pledge of friendship and hospitality. This he peremptorily refused. The next day, Pyrrhus had a mind to make another essay on him, by endeavouring to astonish, or rather to terrify him. He knew Fabricius had never seen an elephant; he commanded, therefore, one of the largest, compleatly armed, to be placed behind some curtains in the room where they were to confer. Upon a signal given, the curtains were suddenly drawn, and the elephant raising his trunk over the head of Fabricius, made a most horrid bellowing. The Roman, without the least sign of terror or surprize, turned and looked at the beast; then addressing Pyrrhus, with a smile, said, "Sir, neither could your money yesterday, nor your monster to-day, make the least impression on me."

The

The year following, when Fabricius was Consul, and at the head of the army, an unknown person came to the camp, and delivered him a letter from the King's chief Physician, who offered to take off Pyrrhus by poison, and, in that way, end the war, without farther hazard to the Romans, provided they would give him a reward proportionate to his service. Fabricius, enraged at the villainy of the Physician, after bringing the other Consul to be of the same opinion, sent dispatches to Pyrrhus immediately, to warn him of his danger. His letter ran thus :

“ Caius Fabricius, and Quintius Emilius, Consuls of the Romans, to Pyrrhus the King; health.”

“ You seem to have made a very ill judgment both of your friends and enemies. You will understand by the enclosed letter, which was sent to us, that you are at war with honest men, and trust in knaves and villains. We have not discovered this to you to insinuate ourselves into your favour, but lest your ruin might bring a reproach upon us; as if we had ended the war by treachery, when we were not able to do it by our courage and our virtue.”— Do not your hearts glow, my children, at heroism like this? Will you not remember, will you not emulate, such actions?

I shall cite a few more examples of the dignity of Fortitude, that you may perceive how respectable, how superior it makes men, and in what a glorious sanctity it preserves their characters to the latest posterity.

Caracalla

Caracalla the emperor, that cruel and inexorable tyrant, began his reign by murdering his brother Geta in the arms of his mother, to whom he had fled for refuge. Papinian was at that time a civilian in Rome, of the greatest estimation. To him Caracalla applied, in order to be vindicated by his writings : but Papinian, disregarding his own life, intrepidly replied, “ It is easier to commit a parricide than to justify it.” For which answer he was beheaded, it is true ; but who does not revere the magnanimous, the virtuous Papinian, that had the fortitude to defy death, rather than, by a despicable, a wicked compliance, incur the contemptuous curse of posterity, only to prolong a short and ignominious existence ?

Of all nations, indeed, whether ancient or modern, the Romans appear to have possessed the most sublime, unremitted, and stupendous fortitude. Porfenna, when he besieged Rome, had defeated the Romans, who were flying in the greatest consternation, and were pursued by the enemy to the bridge, over which both victors and vanquished were about to enter the city in the confusion. All appeared lost, when Horatius Cocles, who had been placed there as a sentinel, opposed himself to the torrent of the enemy, and assisted only by two more, for some time sustained the whole fury of the assault, till the bridge was broken down behind him. When he found the communication thus cut off, plunging with his arms into the torrent of the Tiber, he swam
back

back victorious to his fellow-soldiers, and was received, honoured, and rewarded by his countrymen, as the saviour of Rome.

Still, however, Porfenna was determined upon taking the city; and though five hundred of his men were slain in a sally of the Romans, he reduced it to the greatest straits, and turning the siege into a blockade, resolved to take it by famine. The distress of the besieged soon began to be insufferable, and all things seemed to threaten a speedy surrender, when another act of fortitude and bravery, still superior to that which had saved the city before, again promised its deliverance.

Mutius, a youth of undaunted courage, was resolved to rid his country of an enemy that so sorely continued to oppress it; and, for this purpose, disguised in the habit of an Etrurian peasant, entered the camp of the enemy, resolving to die, or to kill the king. With this resolution, he made up to the place where Porfenna was paying his troops, with the secretary by his side: but mistaking the latter for the king, he stabbed him to the heart, and was immediately apprehended and brought into the royal presence. Upon Porfenna's demanding who he was, and the cause of so heinous an action, Mutius, without reserve, informed him of his country and his design, and, at the same time, thrusting his right hand into the fire burning upon an altar before him, "You see, cried he, how little I regard the severest punishment your cruelty can inflict upon me. A

Roman

Roman knows not only how to act, but how to suffer. I am not the only person you have to fear. Three hundred of the Roman youth, like me, have conspired your destruction, therefore prepare for their attempts." Porfenna, amazed at so much fortitude, had too noble a mind not to acknowledge merit, though found in an enemy. He therefore ordered him to be safely conducted to Rome, and offered such conditions of peace, as were accepted.

Modern times likewise, my children, afford numerous examples of heroic virtue and inflexible perseverance in right. I will select one, and a noble instance it is, from the history of our own country.

When our great Henry V. was Prince of Wales, he, led astray by youthful passions, associated himself with the vicious and dissolute. One of his servants, or rather companions, was apprehended for felony, and brought to the bar of the King's Bench, where the chief justice, Gascoign, was then sitting. The prince heard of this transaction, and, inflamed by the misrepresentations of his lewd associates, flew raging into the court, where his servant stood arraigned, and commanded him to be unfettered and set at liberty. The judge endeavoured to repress this outrage, and appease the prince, by exhorting him to pay a proper respect to the ancient and established laws of the land; and, if he wished to exempt his servant from punishment, to apply to the king, his father, who alone held the power of a legal reprieve. But the prince, indulging his passion, in-
stead

stead of listening to this very proper remonstrance, proceeded to use force for the release of the prisoner. The judge, foreseeing the dangerous consequence of such a flagrant breach of the constitution, elevated his voice, and in a bold authoritative tone, commanded the prince, on his allegiance, to leave the prisoner and depart the place. The prince, inflamed beyond all bounds flew with his drawn sword to the judgment-seat, while no one dared to molest him, though all dreaded the event. The judge alone seemed undisturbed, and superior to passion. Without shrinking, with the same unaltered countenance, the same tone of voice, the same cool, undaunted, but unimpassioned deportment, "Sir, said he to the prince, recollect yourself—I sit here the representative of the King, your sovereign Lord and Father—In his name I charge you to desist from your disobedient and unlawful enterprize—Learn to give a good example to those who shall hereafter become your own subjects, and for this present contempt and disobedience, go you now to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you, until the pleasure of the king, your father, shall be known." The prince, convinced of his enormity, ashamed of his intemperance, and struck with the sedate and awful fortitude of the judge, threw down his sword, bowed to the magistrate, and voluntarily went to prison. "Blessed be God," said Henry IV. when he heard of this transaction, "Blessed be God who hath given me a

judge that dares administer justice, and a son that dares revere the laws."

I might relate a thousand anecdotes, and adduce a thousand histories, all tending to illustrate the doctrines I have been teaching: I shall, however, quit this subject, after having read to you two letters, both written from and to eminent men. The first from Plutarch to the Emperor Trajan, and the other from Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry. I need make no comments. They both speak the dauntless language of men resolved to discharge their duty; especially the latter.

PLUTARCH'S LETTER to TRAJAN,

"SINCE your merits and not your importunities have advanced you to the empire, permit me to congratulate your virtues, and my own good fortune. If your future government prove answerable to your former worth, I shall be happy. But if you become worse for power, your's will be the danger, and mine the ignominy of your conduct. The errors of the pupil will be charged upon his instructor. Seneca is reproached for the enormities of Nero, and Socrates and Quintilian have not escaped censure for the misconduct of their respective scholars. But you have it in your power to make me the most honoured of men, by continuing what you are. Persevere in the command of your passions, and make virtue the scope of all your actions. If you follow these instructions, then will I glory in my having

presumed to give them: if you neglect what I offer, then will this letter be my testimony, that you have not erred through the counsel and authority of Plutarch."

Sir WALTER RALEIGH'S LETTER to Prince
HENRY, eldest son of JAMES I.

May it please your Highness,

"THE following lines are addressed to your Highness, from a man who values his liberty and a very small fortune, in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

"You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained, of calling your royal father God's Vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his Majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations: but your youth, and the thirst of praise, which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to those charmers who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be
imputed

imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you.

“ Your father is called the Vicegerent of heaven: while he is good, he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the Fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince: let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill, be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he hath in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature.

“ Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason, is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents: and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious

appellation of Deliverers and Fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended.

“The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your every sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose therefore to be the King or the Conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive.

I am, SIR,

Your Highness's

London,

most faithful servant,

Aug. 12, 1611.

WALTER RALEIGH.”

MR. EGERTON.

You will never think you admire this letter enough, my children, when you come thoroughly to understand the pernicious doctrine it was intended to combat. The divine right of kings was the destruction of the house of Stuart; and, but for
very

very peculiar circumstances, amazing exertions, and prodigious abilities, must have been the destruction of the constitution of England.

D I A L O G U E VIII.

MR. EGERTON.

I Gave you many examples in our last conversation of the sublime nature of Fortitude; I shall now give you a tragical instance of a contrary kind. As I so thoroughly explained myself upon this subject yesterday, we will proceed immediately to the story, and I have no doubt, children, but you will readily perceive the application.

T R E A C H E R Y,

Or the HISTORY of MOSES GOLEMUS, General to SCANDERBEG THE GREAT, King of Epirus.

AMONG all the heroes of ancient or modern story, there are none whose courage, wisdom, and good fortune, have been more conspicuous than Scanderbeg's. King only of a small state and a handful of people, at a time when the Turkish empire flourished in all its splendor and all its ferocity;

when Europe and Asia trembled at the multitude and valour of its troops, Scanderbeg nobly asserted and maintained his independence, braved the fury of the Turk, vanquished his armies, and disgraced his victories. Amurath the Second, after various sieges and battles, died in Epirus, before the walls of Croia, cursing his ignominious fate, which after so many splendid conquests had sent him thus dishonourably to expire; baffled by a prince whose territories, with respect to extent, might rather be compared to the gardens of Amurath's seraglio, than to the Ottoman empire. Mahomet, his son and successor, the famous conqueror, who took Constantinople, and made the Christian world tremble, never could subdue Scanderbeg. Armies after armies invaded Epirus, and were all either destroyed, or obliged shamefully to retreat; for of all the various battles and skirmishes Scanderbeg was engaged in, and they were almost innumerable, he lost but one.

Mahomet, who from repeated experiments and reiterated defeats, began at length to despair of subduing Scanderbeg by open war, endeavoured to corrupt his generals. None among those was more renowned than Moses Golemus. This man had been with Scanderbeg in all his wars, was acquainted with all his resources, all his stratagems, and beloved by all his soldiers. His valour and conduct had often been proved, and always to his honour; no man doubted his love to his country, or his loyalty to his prince, whose confidence he fully possessed.

ferred. Moses, who as a commander was second only to Scanderbeg, lay with a strong garrison in Dibra, a frontier town of Epirus, when Mahomet commanded the governor of Sfetigrade to endeavour, by every means within his power, to subvert the loyalty of Moses. Sfetigrade was a town which the Turks had long held in Epirus. This governor, who from the known character of Moses had little hope of success, was yet obliged to make the attempt, in obedience to the commands of the sultan. For this purpose he sent a Christian, an inhabitant of Sfetigrade, whom he had won to his interests by large gifts, to negotiate with Moses. The messenger he chose was a subtle man, plausible and discerning, and invested with full powers to make the most advantageous proposals to Moses, and to paint the esteem the sultan had for him and his abilities in the most flattering colours. He came to Dibra, and, under pretence of state secrets, gained a private audience of Moses, to whom, in the name of Mahomet, he offered whatever dignities the sultan could bestow. By the same authority likewise he demanded how he, who was known to be so great a captain, equal at least, if not superior to Scanderbeg, could condescend to serve so petty a prince. The messenger shewed him how easy it would be for him, if he had a proper confidence in his own capacity, to dethrone Scanderbeg, by causing a revolt in Epirus, and putting himself at the head of the Turkish armies. Moses, who, till this fatal mo-

ment, had lived in the full enjoyment of content and acknowledged worth, sunk before the treacherous attacks of flattery and ambition. He dismissed the messenger without a positive answer, but with sufficient reason to hope for success.

After the departure of the messenger, a thousand troubled thoughts arose in the hitherto peaceful mind of Moses: his mirth was turned into melancholy; the cheerfulness of his countenance vanished; distracting fears and haughty wishes were his solitary companions, and an imaginary kingdom the idol he secretly adored. Several discerning people observed this sudden change, and some of his friends asked him concerning the business of that secret messenger; to whom he replied, that he was a person from whom he received private intelligence of matters that concerned the good of the state. This answer was satisfactory, for who could once think of distrusting Moses?

It happened about this time, when the loyalty of Moses had been sufficiently overthrown by various negotiations and splendid promises from the Turk, that Scanderbeg arrived before the walls of Belgrade, the only defeat he ever experienced from the Mahometans. This was what Moses deemed the proper opportunity to declare himself, this was the moment to subvert his friends and soldiers from their allegiance. For this purpose, when the news arrived at Dibra he pretended at first to be greatly afflicted; and with many words to lament the misfortune of Scanderbeg,

Scanderbeg, and the miseries of Epirus, taking care at the same time to describe the great power of Mahomet, and to endeavour to fill the minds of his hearers with distrust and fear. To his intimates he was more sincere; he related to them the mighty promises of Mahomet, the honours he would confer on all those who should be instrumental to a revolt, and the great ease with which it might be then effected. He was heard by them with astonishment and pity, but, to their glory be it remembered, without success: he, therefore, thought it safest to fly, which he did, accompanied only by a few of the lowest and most disorderly of the common soldiers, and after procuring safe conduct from the governor of Sfetigrade, arrived at Constantinople, when he was joyfully received and greatly caressed by Mahomet.

When Scanderbeg first learnt the news of the revolt of Moses, so great had been his opinion of his fidelity, that he stood speechless with astonishment. After a little reflection, however, and finding the fact really to be so, he, with true dignity, endeavoured to palliate instead of magnifying the crime: he remembered the former virtues and services of Moses, and said, his temptations had been such as might cause a truly great and constant man to err; he would not listen to those who appeared willing to aggravate the offence, but said, he only wished that all treason and ill fortune were fled with Moses out of Epirus; he remembered the loyalty of those

whom Moses had tried to seduce, and rejoiced in the faith and love of his subjects.

Though Mahomet gladly received the fugitive Epirot, he was not at first without suspicion; he knew the former stratagems of Scanderbeg and of Moses; he dreaded a counterplot, and refused, for some time, to listen to the solicitations of Moses, who was eager to put himself at the head of the Turks, and invade his promised kingdom: after, however, having placed spies upon him, and having watched him himself, and discoursed with him upon the mode of conducting the war in Epirus, and finding him devoted to ambition, and estranged from Scanderbeg, he gave him the command of fifteen thousand horse, which was all Moses desired for this conquest, and sent him against the foe that Mahomet most hated and most feared. The soldiers appointed for this service were but half willing to go; they dreaded the fatal country of Epirus; they remembered how many Turks had gone there, never to return; they thought the present army far too small, though superior to that of Scanderbeg; and nothing gave them hopes of success, but the great opinion they had of their commander.

Thus furnished, with a fine army, and every warlike appointment, Moses set forward to carry desolation into the land of his nativity, and to oppose his former dearest friend, the sovereign he once had loved and assisted with all his powers. Scanderbeg,

Scanderbeg, who was informed of his route, met him upon the frontiers of his kingdom, determined to give him fair and open battle; for he knew Moses was too intimately acquainted with the stratagems by which he had formerly beat the Turks, and likewise with the whole face of the country, to be subdued by policy. The battle was long and desperate; both commanders did every thing that could be expected from their courage and experience; they fought with the most daring intrepidity, and directed with coolness and determined fortitude: at length the valour and fortune of Scanderbeg prevailed, the Turks were routed, and a terrible slaughter ensued. In vain did Moses exhort them by his words and his example to continue the fight; the arms of Scanderbeg and the scimitars of his illustrious soldiers, who were an army of heroes, carried death at every stroke, and gave decisive victory. Eleven thousand of the Mahometans were left upon the field, and the rest escaped, conducted by Moses through mountainous passages, with which he was perfectly acquainted. This sudden and entire defeat lowered his character so much in the opinion of the Turks, that they held him afterwards in the utmost derision. He could by no persuasions prevail on the remainder of his troops to accompany him in an attempt upon Dibra, where he still hoped he had friends, and by whose help he thought still to occasion a revolt. Finding no remedy, he marched them back to Constantinople with a heavy heart and a dejected countenance,

tenance, despised by the Turks and threatened by the sultan, who, had it not been for the advice of his viziers, who shewed him the impolicy of such a measure, would have put him to death.

Of so little estimation was he now become in the Ottoman court, that his allowance was scarcely sufficient for his maintenance ; and though he appeared to bear his misfortunes patiently, he was inwardly so afflicted, that he could neither eat nor drink : the remembrance of his former treason was continually before his eyes, and the disgrace he suffered at the Turkish court, tormented him with intolerable grief. He was conscious of having done every thing in his power in the late battle ; and the frowns of Mahomet, who estimated abilities by events only, filled him with a secret indignation. Sometimes he thought of escaping from Constantinople, and throwing himself upon the clemency of his prince, whom he knew to be of a noble and forgiving nature ; but when he recollected the extent of his ingratitude, he was struck with shame. However, after an afflicting struggle of contending passions, he at last resolved to submit to the mercy of Scanderbeg, rather choosing to stand the chance of suffering the desert of his crimes in his own country, than to have the derision of a people he despised. He accordingly fled to Dibra. When the soldiers beheld their old governor thus despondent and repenting, they forgot the evils he had been the occasion of, and moved with compassion, received him with

with tears and friendly embraces, and brought him to Scanderbeg, who lay encamped not far from them. The manner in which Moses approached him was awful and humiliating. He put his girdle round his neck, in token of his deserts, as was the custom of the Epirots, and with the most sensible contrition fell upon his knees before Scanderbeg, who was walking in the front of his tent. Scanderbeg, as benevolent in peace as terrible in war, raised him from the earth, embraced him, and, as a certain token of forgiveness in Epirus, kissed his cheek. He did not stop here; he caused all his lands and riches to be restored, re-instated him in all his former trusts and employments, and, by open proclamation, commanded that no man should hereafter mention the trespass.

After this Moses served Scanderbeg in his wars with still greater zeal and assiduity, than he had formerly done; but happening in a skirmish, contrary to the advice of Scanderbeg, to pursue a flying party of Turks too far, he fell into an ambuscade, was taken prisoner, carried to Constantinople, and, by the command of Mahomet, put to a cruel death; a fate which in all probability he would never have suffered, had he never been a Traitor.

MRS. EGERTON.

Poor Moses! what a pity it is so great a man should have left the paths of virtue.

HARRY

HARRY EGERTON.

I am sure, mamma, that Turk Mahomet was a cruel good for nothing man.

CHARLES EGERTON.

Ay, brother, but what a brave hero Scanderbeg was. I love him because he was so courageous.

NANCY EGERTON.

And I love him because he was so merciful.

CHARLES EGERTON.

Yes, sister, so do I love him for that too; but if he had not been brave, you know he would not have had the power to be merciful.

MR. EGERTON.

But do not forget, my children, that the misfortunes of Moses sprang from his want of fortitude; had he possessed that, he would have despised the ambition which prompted him to renounce every tie of friendship, gratitude, and love for his country: he would have remembered that true greatness neither consists in titles or power, but in an inflexible perseverance in doing right. As a continuation of the same subject, we will read the tale of Amurath, a most ingenious, original, and sublime fable; the moral of which is, that no man can be happy, till he has the resolution to listen attentively to the silent dictates of truth and reason.

C O N.

C O N S C I E N C E,

Or the STORY of AMURATH.

AMURATH, sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life: let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and be wise; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The angel of Death closed the eyes of the sultan Abradin my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief; I was insensible to the splendor of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependant greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to Heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave: I prostrated myself on his tomb; sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. “I
am,

am, said he, the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies and the desire of his people; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest: resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him." I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left-hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. "This ring, said he, shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil; that, without weighing remote consequences, thou mayest know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive therefore to the silent admonition: and when the circle of gold shall, by a sudden contraction, press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory, as a transgression of the *Rule of Right*: keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment." I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The Genius perceived my confusion, and turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect, that my pleasure in reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by my doubts of its virtue. I applied myself to the public business.

business. My melancholy decreased, as my mind was diverted to other objects ; and, lest the youths of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field ; I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return, by jumping round me and endeavouring to reach my hand : but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away, and hide himself under a sofa, in the corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at first struck with surprise and regret ; but surprise and regret quickly gave way to disdain. “ Shall not the sultan Amurath, said I, to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the *Rule of Right* ? My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale : immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder,

der, and the Genius Syndarac again stood before me.

“Amurath, said he, thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust; a being who, like thee, has received from the Almighty a capacity of pleasure and pain: pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power in afflicting inferior beings, I should be justified in afflicting thee: but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the forwardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever.”

At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion: I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, “Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the curiosity of speculation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring.”

As the chace had produced so much infelicity I did not repeat it, but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conversation

tion would otherwise be incumbered or restrained ; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But tho' I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my visier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the object of my raillery, the man who alone deserved my approbation : he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagining that he was securing my favour, by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure ; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive, that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible : I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success ; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment ; but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified ; I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine ; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me ; but I still persevered. The visier was at length roused to his defence ; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness : his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective :

invective: at length disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, "Amurath, said he, if the Sultan should know, that after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed this authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure." The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage; I started up, and spurning him from the table, was about to draw my poignard; when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

But, instead of being resolved to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself, that the Genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent, though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility therefore was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time, I filled my seraglio

raglio with women, and abandoned myself to sensuality. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I had neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred; I degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at Court, that I might imbitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife: and the marriage had been delayed only by his death: but the pleasure and the dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would, if possible, seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears, and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring calamities on others; I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire
of

of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food; and, as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door, of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other, stood silent: I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it, called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice, that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since, to their knowledge, passed in or out of her apartment.

In this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I re-
viewed

viewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartments were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? And did she intend to return, without been known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it were true, Selima had granted to my slave that which she refused to me. But all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that her father should be seized and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: "May the sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the angel of death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smiles of heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my Lord remember Selima with mercy; let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight." I heard no more, but cried out, "Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen! Thou whose life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up."

"Oh!

“ Oh ! said he, let not the mighty sovereign of the East, sport with the misery of the weak. If thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together.”

Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands ; and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my command, to produce her within an hour, upon pain of death.

My ring, which during this series of events, had given perpetual intimation of guilt, which was always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled in my bosom. “ How wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant ! A being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me, by intimating that every action of my life is a crime ! How long shall I groan under this intolerable oppression ? This accursed ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection and dishonour : he who gave it, is now, perhaps, in some remote region of the air ; perhaps he rolls some planet in its orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant region with an earthquake : but wherever he is, he has surely a more important employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has

con-

contrived this talisman, only to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes to withhold ; I feel that my desires are controuled ; and to gratify these desires is to be happy." As I pronounced these words I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation : immediately the air grew dark ; a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent : horror thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance appeared a calm severity, and he pronounced these words : " Thou hast now, as far as is in thy power, thrown off humanity, and degraded thy being ; thy form therefore shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious." He then touched me with his rod, and, while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of a man but of a monster, with the fore parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in agonies not to be described ; and now hastily traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself. I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in despair ; this moment I breathed execrations

against the Genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept; but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I waked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it compelled me to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused with hunger; for hunger, like sleep, is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery besides the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor increase my sufferings, I was not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled, lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of the hunters; and such is the love of life,
however

however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed on me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of the rabble, who the day before would have hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of his procession; and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave, whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependance, I roared horribly when he again approached me: so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the fierce-

ness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and languor, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me ; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint, was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission ; and, to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tyger which had been lately taken, brake one day into my den while my keeper was giving me my provision, and leaping upon him, would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground : the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer ; but starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster, but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward for my fidelity, and was, perhaps, never more happy than in the first moments of my escape ; for I reflected, that as a dog my liberty was not only restored, but insured ; I was

no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally carested. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to that Power, who had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my seraglio. I placed myself behind an emir, whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he carested me at my return from

hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself, “Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken? Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than human, or are they more?” I was not prevented by these reflections from returning those caresses that I received; and Alibeg, who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous voice of the people. But I gained no intelligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and, travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

In the morning, I beheld with surprise a wall of marble that seemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold, “Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: nature is not oppressed by the tyranny

ranny of religion, nor is pleasure awed by the frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wish, whoever thou art: enter therefore, and be happy."

When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbed with tumultuous expectation: but my desire to enter was repressed by the reflection that I had lost the form, in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity were notwithstanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it closed after me.

But my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery: disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and murder, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity to ill was restrained by no law; and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening; and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was encircled by a mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music: but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the

shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear: but in a short time many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house: but as I could not discover, that I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was solved; for I soon learned from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in the room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and event of my confinement with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the genius; I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope.

“ Yet

“ Yet a few moments, said he, and the angel of death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food : but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison.” My blood grew chill as he spake, I discovered and abhorred my folly : but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony ; my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight ; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window, and turning to the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner entered, than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of

light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of Penitence, than the recess of Luxury: but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence and upon my feet. As I went forward, the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I discerned to be Selima. I was struck with amazement at this discovery; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual: I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative.

“ I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been carested by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I mused. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the delights of love with the splendor of royalty? Since the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage, why should I not accept the blessings that are still offered? Why is desire restrained by the dread of shame? And why is the pride of virtue offended by the softness of nature? Immediately a thick cloud surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up and conveyed through the air with incredible rapidity. I descended, the cloud dissipated,

ed, and I found myself sitting in an alcove, by the side of a canal that encircled a stately edifice and a spacious garden. I saw many persons pass along; but discovered in all either something dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my fears or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived many men with their swords drawn, contending for a woman, who was forced along irresistibly by the crowd, which moved directly towards the place in which I was sitting. I was terrified, and looked round me with eagerness to see where I could retreat for safety. A person richly dressed perceived my distress, and invited me into the house which the canal surrounded. Of this invitation I hastily accepted with gratitude and joy: but I soon remarked several incidents, which filled me with new perplexity and apprehension. I was welcomed to a place, in which infamy and honour were equally unknown; where every wish was indulged without the violation of any law, and where the will was therefore determined only by appetite. I was presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour covered me with blushes; and though I rejected the caresses of the person into whose power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of the distinction with which he treated me. My expostulations were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment: preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal, I was entertained with music. In this dreadful situation, I sighed thus

to myself: "How severe is that justice which transports those who form licentious wishes, to a society in which they are indulged without restraint! Who shall deliver me from the effects of my own folly? Who shall defend me against the vices of others?" At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice of some invisible being: "The friends of Virtue are mighty; reject not their protection, and thou art safe." As I renounced the presumptuous wish which had once polluted my mind, I exulted in this intimation with an assurance of relief, and when supper was set before me, I suffered the principal lady to serve me with some venison; but the friendly voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my seat, and turned pale: the lady enquired earnestly what had disordered me; but instead of making a reply, I threw the venison from the window, and declared that she had intended my death. The master of the table, who perceived the lady to whom I spoke change countenance, was at once convinced, that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that interest which, as a rival, she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a rage, and commanded the venison to be produced; a dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in: but before the event could be known, the tumult was become general; and my rival, after having suddenly stabbed her patron, plunged the same poignard in her own bosom.

"In

“ In the midst of this confusion, I found means to escape, and wandered through the city in search of some obscure recess, where, if I received not the assistance which I hoped, death at last might secure my person from violence, and close mine eyes on those scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with disgust but with horror. By that benevolent power, who, as a preservative from misery, has placed in us a secret and irresistible disapprobation of vice, my feet have been directed to thee, whose virtue has participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may effect my deliverance.”

I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardor of that affection which I had abused, with sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter remorse for having produced one wish that could stain so amiable a mind; and abhorred myself for having used the power which I derived from her tenderness, to effect her destruction. My fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which, till now, I had been a stranger; and the moment love was kindled in my breast, I resumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and
looking

looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered. “Arise, said Syndarac, and look round.” We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkling before us. “Go, said he, Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath the Sultan of the East, the Judge of Nations, the Taught of Heaven; Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity.” I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamation: Syndarac proclaimed our return in thunder, that was heard thro’ all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the Ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a monitor who reproaches thee in secret when thy foot deviates from the path of virtue?

Neglect

Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence, is to invite destruction.

D I A L O G U E IX.

MRS. EGERTON.

LET us now, my children, relax a little from the severe virtues and too daring crimes of men, and take a view of the conduct of some women, who have been remarkable, by their behaviour, under circumstances of oppression, peril, and temptation.

MR. EGERTON.

True, my dear, it will give variety. We will begin, if you please, with the story of Count Alberti. I shall forbear to say any thing beforehand of the moral it inculcates, because I would not destroy the effect the relation will probably have on your sensibility.

FIDELITY and CONJUGAL AFFECTION;
or the Story of Count ALBERTI, as related by
Mr. EVERARD, in Letters to his Friend. *From
the Italian.*

Dear Sir,

THE pleasure I always take in writing to you,
wherever I am and whatever doing, in some mea-
sure

sure dispels my present uneasiness; an uneasiness, caused at once by the disagreeable aspect of every thing round me, and the more disagreeable circumstances of the Count Alberti, with whom you were once acquainted. You remember him one of the gayest, most agreeable persons at the court of Vienna, at once the example of men, and the favourite of the fair sex. I often heard you repeat his name with esteem, as one of the few that did honour to the present age, as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree, as one who made no other use of fortune but to alleviate the distresses of mankind. This gentleman, sir, I wish I could say is now no more; yet too, unhappily for him, he exists but in a situation more terrible than the most gloomy imagination can conceive. After passing through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idria, and seeing those dreadful subterraneous caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the chearful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life, under the whips of impious task-masters. Imagine to yourself a hole on one side of a mountain, of about five yards over; down this you are conveyed in a kind of bucket, more than a hundred fathom, the prospect growing still more gloomy, yet still widening as you descend. At length, after swinging in terrible suspense for some time in this precarious situation,

you

you reach the bottom, and tread on the ground, which, by its hollow sound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude, you are assisted by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there disposed, so as that the wretched inhabitants of these mansions can go from one part to another, without a guide. And yet let me assure you, that though they, by custom, could see objects distinctly by these lights, I could scarce discern, for some time, any thing, not even the person who accompanied me, to shew these scenes of horror. From this description, I presume, you have but a disagreeable idea of the place, yet let me assure you that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches my eyes never before beheld. The blackness of their visages serves to conceal the horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expence; but consume little provision, for they lose their appetites in a short time, and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body. In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind, calling me by my name, and enquiring after my health with the most cordial affection.

I turned,

I turned, and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a most piteous accent crying, "Ah, Mr. Everard, do not you know me?" Good God! what was my surprize, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend Alberti. I flew to him with affection, and, after a tear of condolence, asked how he came there? To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian infantry, against the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he had lived for nine months, till by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broke alive upon the wheel. However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known, and several of the associates of his accusation and danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idria, a sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death. As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman who seemed to be born for better fortune, came up to him: the dreadful situation she was in was not able to destroy her beauty, and even in this scene

scene of wretchedness, she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was in fact daughter to one of the first families of Germany; and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, at last resolved to share those miseries, which she could not relieve. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, from whence few of the living return; with him she was contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, despising the splendor of opulence; satisfied with the consciousness of her own constancy.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

MISS FORRESTER.

Indeed, madam, this is a very melancholy story.

MRS. EGERTON.

Yes, my dear Miss Forrester, it is a melancholy story, and what is worse, it is a fact and not a novel.

NANCY EGERTON.

Well, but mamma, here is another letter that will, perhaps, tell us something more about these unhappy lovers.

MR. EGERTON.

It will, my dear. The next letter is the sequel.

L E T T E R

LETTER II.

Dear Sir,

MY last to you was expressive, and, perhaps, too much so, of the gloomy state of my mind. The deplorable situation of the worthy man described in it, was enough to add double horror to the hideous mansion. At present, however, I have the happiness of informing you, that I was spectator of the most affecting scene ever beheld. Nine days after I had written my last, a person came post from Vienna to the little village, near the mouth of the great Shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and then by a third. The enquiry was after the unfortunate count. Happening to overhear the demand, I gave them the necessary information. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend and fellow-foldier to the count. They came with his pardon, which had been procured by the general with whom the duel had been fought, and who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with an expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief-worn countenance, nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom. Some hours
were

were employed in repairing the appearance of this faithful couple ; nor could I, without a tear, behold him taking leave of the wretched companions of his former toil. To one he gave his mattock, to another his working cloaths, to a third his little household utensils, such as had been necessary to him in that situation. We soon emerged from the mine, when he once again revisited the light of the sun, which he had totally despaired of again seeing. A post-chaise and four was ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, where, as I am informed by a letter from himself, they arrived. The Empress has again taken him into favour ; his fortune and rank are restored, and he and his fair partner have now the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with double relish, as they once knew what it was to be truly miserable.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

MR. EGERTON.

I am happy, methinks, to see you all so much affected.

NANCY EGERTON.

Oh dear, sir, this is a charming story.

MRS EGERTON.

I confess it has given me great pleasure, particularly in one circumstance, which, perhaps, you were not all equally attentive to.

NANCY

NANCY EGERTON.

What was that, mamma?

MRS. EGERTON.

Why, my dear, from the first letter, I was secretly very much disturbed, because I had reason to fear that the young lady, whose conjugal fidelity I am sure you all admire, was not the wife of Count Alberti. How happy am I to find my suspicions were ill-founded! How respectable, how elevated was the conduct of that lady! Oh, my children, I would rather a thousand times see you, like her, devoted martyrs to duty and virtue, than to behold you emperors and queens.

MR. EGERTON.

The amiable virtues of this lady cannot certainly be either spoken or thought of too highly. But this is not all, children. As I most earnestly desire you to imitate such bright examples of goodness, so likewise I would wish you to emulate those who, joining industry to genius, have become famous by their talents. To be active is so natural and so necessary to us, that we cannot be idle and be happy. Besides, it is our indispensable duty, while we live in society, to contribute, by every means in our power, to the benefit of that society. The peasant who tills the earth that we may eat, and the artizan who labours for our convenience, are truly respectable citizens; much more so, my children,

children, than those weak, narrow-minded persons, who, from the industry, abilities, or rapacity of their forefathers, find themselves in the possession of accidental wealth and unmerited honour. Whoever supposes that his power, his riches, or his rank, exempt him from labouring to promote the general good, becomes useless, contemptible, and vicious. Such adventitious aids give the means of becoming more eminently beneficial; and no one can be a good or a worthy man, who does not assiduously employ the advantages he possesses for the public good. I am transported almost beyond myself, my children, when I speak or think on this subject. Patriotism, that is, the love not only of that particular country where we were born, or exist, but of all countries and of all men, is such a noble, such a superb virtue, that I would wish you all to encounter any danger, to brave any torture, rather than betray the cause of humanity, of liberty, and the rights of men. To understand these rights, to make them known, and to guard them, with a determined hand, sacred from violation, should be the inexorable resolution of those, who, by their opulence, have the leisure to study, and the means to protect.

But I have been insensibly led from the subject I intended to introduce; which was an account of Louisa Darbach, a woman famous for her genius. Your mother wished to give you more examples of conspicuous women. However, as I am advanced

vanced thus far in describing a duty so essential to the character of a good citizen, as that of true patriotism, I am sure I shall have her approbation of my endeavours to enforce this duty.

Numerous are the examples which both antient and modern history furnish of this virtue: from these I will select two, which, in my opinion, are conspicuously great. The first is the behaviour of Regulus, a man famous for the purity of his intentions and the integrity of his heart.

Regulus was supposed to be the best and most consummate warrior that Rome could, in that age, produce. He was professedly frugal and severe, but less austere to others than to himself; he only reprehended those faults, which he would have died rather than have committed. His patriotism was still greater than his temperance: all the private passions seemed extinguished in him, or they were all swallowed up in one great ruling affection, the love of his country. In the first Punic war, he and Manlius were sent by the Romans into Africa, to invade the territories of the Carthaginians, with the largest fleet that had ever sailed from an Italian port: this was met and engaged by another of the enemy's, equally, if not more, powerful. The battle was obstinate and desperate; the Roman general, however, triumphed; he took fifty-four of the enemy's ships, and dispersed the rest. The consequence was, an immediate descent upon the coast of Africa, and

and the capture of the city Clupea, together with twenty thousand men, who were made prisoners of war. Manlius was then remanded back to Italy by the senate, and Regulus ordered to remain and prosecute his victories in Africa; and when his consulship was expired, he was continued general under the title of Proconsul. Happy in the approbation of his country, Regulus persevered in his efforts and his successes, and led his forces along the banks of the river Bagrada.

And here an incident happened, which, as it was very extraordinary, I shall stop to relate. While he was waiting the approach of the Carthaginians, a serpent of enormous size attacked his men as they went for water, and seemed as if resolved to guard the banks of the river. It was a hundred and twenty feet long, with scales impenetrable to any weapon. Some of the boldest troops went up at first to oppose its fury, but they soon fell victims to their rashness, being either killed by its devouring jaws, or crushed to pieces by the windings of its tail. The poisonous vapour that issued from it, made it still more formidable; and the men were so much terrified at its appearance, that they asserted they would much more joyfully face the whole Carthaginian army. For some time it seemed uncertain which should remain masters of the river, as from the hardness of its scales no ordinary efforts could drive it away. At last Regulus was obliged to make use of the machines employed in battering

down the walls of cities. Notwithstanding this, the serpent, for a long time, withstood all his efforts, and destroyed numbers of his men; but at length a very large stone, which was flung from an engine, happened to break its spine, and destroyed its motion. By these means the soldiers furrounded and killed it. Regulus, not less pleased with his victory than if he had gained a battle, ordered its skin to be sent to Rome, where it continued to be seen in the time of Pliny.

After this he engaged the Carthaginians, defeated and cut off some of their best troops, and took above eighty of their towns; while they, in despair, were obliged to send to Lacedemon for a general capable of opposing Regulus; at the same time dispatching some of the principal men of the state to him, to sue for a peace.

The Roman general had long wished to terminate the war, and go back to his native country. He had even sent to the senate some time before, demanding a successor, and leave to return, in consequence of an account he had received, informing him that his steward who cultivated his farm, which consisted but of seven acres, was dead, and that his servant had stolen all the instruments of husbandry that were used in its cultivation. He informed the senate, that while he was leading on the armies of the state, his wife and children were in danger of wanting bread, and that his little domestic affairs required his presence at home. The senate upon
this

this ordered his wife and children a sufficient maintenance, furnished his farm with proper instruments of husbandry, at the public expence, and gave him orders to continue at the head of the army.

The negociation for peace between the nations not succeeding, the Carthaginians committed the war to the care of Xantippus, the Spartan general, a man of consummate knowledge in the art of war; and Regulus was at last, after all his victories, defeated and taken prisoner. And now was the time in which the virtues of Regulus shone forth with still superior lustre. The affairs of the Carthaginians after this battle became more successful, but still they were desirous of a peace, and made new proposals, not doubting but they should obtain better terms than those insisted on before by the Romans. They therefore resolved to send to Rome to accomplish this business, or at least to procure an exchange of prisoners. For this purpose they supposed that Regulus, whom they had now for four years kept in a dungeon, confined and chained, would be a proper solicitor. It was expected that, being wearied with imprisonment and bondage, he would gladly endeavour to persuade his countrymen to a discontinuance of the war, which only prolonged his captivity. He was accordingly sent, with their ambassadors, to Rome, but with a promise, previously exacted from him, to return in case of being unsuccessful. He was even given to under-

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stand,

stand, that his life depended upon the success of his expedition.

When this old general, together with the ambassadors of Carthage, approached Rome, numbers of his friends came out to meet him, and congratulate his return. Their acclamations resounded through the city, but Regulus refused, with settled melancholy, to enter the gates. It was in vain that he was intreated, on every side, to visit once more his little dwelling, and share in that joy which his return had inspired. He persisted in saying, that he was now but a slave belonging to the Carthaginians, and unfit to partake in the liberal honours of his country. The senate assembling without the walls, as usual, to give audience to the ambassadors, Regulus opened his commission, as he had been directed by the Carthaginian counsel, and their ambassadors seconded his proposals. The senate were, by this time, themselves weary of a war which had been protracted above eight years, and were no way disinclined to peace. It seemed the general opinion, that the enmity between the two states had continued too long; and that no terms should be refused, which might give not only rest to the two nations, but liberty to an old brave general, whom the people revered and loved. It only remained for Regulus himself to give his opinion, who, when it came to his turn to speak, to the surprise of all the world, gave his voice for continuing the war. He assured the senate, that the Carthaginian re-
sources

ources were now almost exhausted, the populace harraſſed out with fatigues, and their nobles with contention: that all their beſt generals were priſoners with the Romans, while Carthage had none but the reſiſtance of the Roman army: that not only the intereſt of Rome, but its honour was alſo concerned in continuing the war, for their anceſtors had never made peace till they were victorious.

So unexpected an advice not a little diſturbed the ſenate: they ſaw the juſtice of his opinion, but they alſo ſaw the danger he incurred by giving it: they ſeemed entirely ſatisfied of the expediency of prolonging the war; their only obſtacle was, how to ſecure the ſafety of him who had adviſed its continuance: they pitied as well as admired a man who had uſed ſuch eloquence againſt his private intereſt, and could not conclude upon a meaſure which was to terminate in his ruin. Regulus, however, ſoon relieved their embarraſſment, by breaking off the treaty, and riſing in order to return to his bonds and confinement. It was in vain that the ſenate and all his deareſt friends intreated his ſtay; he ſtill reſuſed their ſolicitations. Maria, his wife, with her little children, filled the city with her lamentations, and vainly implored to be permitted to ſee him: he ſtill obſtinately perſiſted in keeping his promiſe; and though ſufficiently apprized of the tortures that awaited his return, without embracing his family, or taking leave of his friends, he departed, with the ambaffadors, for Carthage.

When the Carthaginians were informed of their ill-success, and the reason of it, by their ambassadors, their rage and disappointment rendered them inexorably furious; and Regulus died, as he expected, by the implacable hand of studied torment and lingering cruelty.

MISS FORRESTER.

Good Heavens! I pity his wife and children!

CHARLES.

I admire his resolution.

WILLIAM.

And I almost envy his fame. He will never be forgotten. I may die, and, perhaps, in a very little time, nobody will remember I ever lived.

MR. EGERTON.

I approve your emulative spirit, William, but beware that it does not take an improper turn. 'Twere supreme happiness rather to sink into eternal oblivion, than to be remembered for our vices or our crimes. There is another thing, my children, which I wish you to remark; the patriotism of Regulus extended only to his own country; it was not that universal philanthropy which I am endeavouring to inculcate. The love of our country should make us freely devote our lives and fortunes to

to protect it from the tyranny of ambitious magistrates, or the assaults of rival nations ; but it should never instigate that partial and oppressive spirit, which lusts for dominion, and triumphs only to extirpate. The advice of Scipio Naffica was not only humane, but it was wise. Cato, the censor, and many other Roman senators were perpetually engaging the people to destroy Charthage. Scipio bade them beware of that pernicious counsel ; “ erase Carthage, said he, and where shall Rome find a rival ? her military discipline must either become feeble by disuse, or be exercised to her own destruction.” This prophecy was afterwards too fatally fulfilled.

WILLIAM.

Indeed, Sir, I think the destruction of Carthage reflects infamy on the Romans, instead of glory.

MR. EGERTON.

Ay, William, it is one among the many black and indelible spots in the annals of human nature.

I shall now, my children, introduce a patriot to you, superior even to Regulus, though never likely to be so celebrated ; a poor Armenian, who beheld the wisdom, knowledge, and arts of the Europeans, and the comparative ignorance of his own country, with an anxiety of patriotism that raises him to the very first rank of men. But I will not attempt to give you the character of my hero ; I am un-

equal to the task; his own letters will do it more effectually than the eloquence of an angel. He was a foreigner, and there are consequently defects in his stile, which the intent and spirit of them will induce you to overlook. His first letter was addressed to the Earl, now Duke, of Northumberland, who patronized and recommended him to the late Duke of Cumberland, by whom he was sent to study in the academy at Woolwich; his second to Prince Heraclius, his sovereign. Now read them, William; and learn, my sons, endeavour, my children, to catch a portion of his divine spirit.

P A T R I O T I S M:

Or the Letters of AMEEN, the Armenian.

L E T T E R I.

My Lord,

I present you the specimen of my writing I promised. It is too bold, I am afraid, to make myself the subject, when I write for your lordship; but forgive, my lord, the language of a stranger: I have been in too low condition to know how to write proper to your lordship; but you speak to me more kind and humble than mean people; so I am encouraged. I have very good designs, and I have suffered very much hardships for them. I think your lordship will not despise a person in a mean condition, for thinking of something more than livelihood; I have, with a good will, thrown behind me a very easy livelihood for this
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condition, mean as it is; and I am not troubled if I can carry my point at last. As long as I can remember my own family, and I remember my great grandfathers, they have been always soldiers, and always did remember Christ, though they were torn out of their country of Armenia, by Shaw Abbas, and planted in Hamadan. After their captivity they were soldiers likewise. Two of my uncles did spill their blood in the service of Kouly Kan: my father was his slave for many years; but he was at last forced to fly into India, because this tyrant had sharpened his battle-ax against his own army more than upon his enemies. Soon after my father sent for me to Calcutta, in Bengal, where he is a merchant. There I saw the sort of Europeans, and the soldiers exercise, and the shipping, and that they were dexterous and perfect in all things. Then I grieved within myself for my religion and my country, that we were in slavery and ignorance, like Jews, vagabonds over the earth; and I spoke to my father upon all this; because our fathers did not fight for their country; but I understood that the Armenians in the mountains were free, and handled arms from their childhood; and that those under Patriarch, who are subject to the Turks and Persians, did not want courage; but they are all ignorant, and fight only with a wild and natural fierceness, and so they have no order, and do nothing but like robbers. And I resolved I would go to Europe to learn art military, and other sciences

to assist that art; and I was sure that if I could go into Armenia, like an European officer, I may be useful at last in some degree to my country; but my father did not listen to me, for God did not give him understanding in these things. I could not bear to live like a beast, eating and drinking, without liberty or knowledge:—I went to captain Fox, of the ship Walpole, and kissed his feet hundred times, to let me work for my passage to Europe, before he would bend to me; but he did at last admit me; and I came to England with much labour; but it did not grieve me when I thought of my country: I entered myself with my little money into Mr. Middleton's academy: I had the honour to tell your lordship so before: I was first a scholar, and, when my money was gone, I was a servant there for my learning; but he was broke, and I lost every thing. I went into the street to work for my bread, for I could not bear to go about wagging a tail at people's doors for a bit of meat. I will not grieve your lordship with the misery which I went through; I do not want to be pitied. I got service at last as a porter with one Mr. Robarts, a grocer in the city: in this time I carried sometimes burthens of near two hundred weight upon my back, and paid out of my wages to learn some geometry, and to compleat myself in writing, and just to begin a little French; but because, my lord, I almost starved myself to pay for this, and carried burthens more than my strength, I hurt myself so that I could not work any longer;
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so that I was in despair, and not care what become of me: but a friend put me to write with one Mr. Webster, an attorney in Cheapside, which for a little time got bread; but I was resolved, in despair, to go again to India, because nobody would put out his hand to help me to learn; and my uncle sent 60 pounds to governor Davis to carry me back. I am afraid I am too troublesome in my accounts to your lordship; but we people of Asia cannot say little in a great deal, like scholars. Now I met by chance some gentlemen who encouraged me, and gave me books to read, and advised me to kiss colonel Dingley's hands, and shew my business to him. He was a brave foldier, took me by the hand, spoke to his own serjeant, an honest man, to teach me manual exercise, and gave me Bland's Military Discipline, and promised to help me to learn gunnery and fortification; but I was again unfortunated; for when light just began to come to my eyes, he died, and I was like before, except that I knew a little of manual exercise, and read some of the Roman history; could learn no more nor live. I was broke to pieces, and bowed my neck to governor Davis, to go over to my friends, without doing any of these things I suffered for. I am in this net at present; but I am happier than all mankind, if I can meet any great man who can prevail upon governor Davis to allow me something out of the money he has only upon condition that I return to blindness once again; that I may go through evolutions with the recruits, and learn

gunnery and fortification, and if there is war, to go one year as a volunteer. If governor Davis writes, that I have a great man here my protector, my father, who looks upon me as a person run away and forsaken, will make me an allowance to learn. If I could clear my own eyes, and serve my country and my religion, that is trod under the foot of Mussulman, I would go through all slavery and danger with a glad heart; but if I must return, after four years slavery and misery, to the same ignorance, without doing any good, would break my heart, my lord, in the end. I beg pardon, I have experience of your lordship's goodness, else I would not say so much; I would not receive, but return; and I want nothing but a little speaking from the authority of an Indian governor to my friends. I have always been honest. Those I have been slave to will say I am honest. Mr. Grey trusted me.

Here is a sort of story nothing but your lordship's good nature can make tolerable. I am much obliged to your lordship for your patience. I shall be very proud of giving your lordship all the proof in my power, how much I am, &c.

JOSEPH AMEEN.

LET-

L E T T E R II.

To the most shining, most christian, King HERACLIUS, of Georgia and Armenia.

My King,

ALL things that have been made, from the beginning of the world to this day, are by the will of God, according to the New Testament. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made. God created the heaven and the earth, the sea and the land; and it is He that made you king over two nations, Armenians and Georgians. Glory be to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that made you defender and protector of those Christian nations, and of their faith, who have been many hundred years under the hands of Persian unbelievers; and being now delivered by the mighty hands of your majesty, the same God will also, I hope, deliver those Christians, who are under the hands of Othomans; for there is no difficulty in the mighty hands of God; and whosoever trust in Him, shall not be ashamed. It was He that delivered Israel, by the hand of the prophet Moses, out of the hands of Pharaoh, and fed them with manna, according to the holy Psalms, which saith, Men did eat the bread of angels. May the same God preserve and strengthen the wrist of your majesty, to defend us from the encroachment of barbarians! Amen.

Again,

Again, having heard the fame of your majesty's brave conquest, by which you have possessed the two ancient kingdoms of Armenia and Georgia, and that they are at present under your majesty's protection, being desirous, from the readiness of my soul, to offer your majesty my service, which I hope you will make no difficulty to accept, as money is far from the desire of your majesty's servant, who wishes nothing but to serve him who has the rule over his nation ; for, while I am here, I want nothing : I have a great friend here, and that great friend is my protector ; and that protector is the son of the king of England. If it please your majesty to instruct me of your will and pleasure, that I may petition to this great prince, in order to obtain leave to come and to serve you as an European officer, according to my low abilities ; and that I may teach your soldiers to fight like Europeans, who are very well known to your majesty, that with a few men they overcome many.

Your majesty has heard of the German nation, who, with no more than twenty thousand men, are able to give battle to a hundred thousand Mahometans, or Turks, enemies to the Christian nations. I would also acquaint your majesty, how it is, or by what means, that the European nations are such conquerors, and so brave warriors. It is a rule among them, that whoever is desirous to become a warrior, first, he is obliged to enter himself into the house of exercise, which they call it
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here, an academy to learn or to study, four or five years, the art of war, that is to say, to learn the art of building strong castles, the like of which are not to be found in all Asia ; and also the art of managing great guns in such a manner, as none of our fortifications could stand before them for three days ; likewise, the manner of encamping with judgment, and the way of ranging of the soldiers, so that they are like a wall of iron, not to be broken ; and, after having thoroughly compleated his study in that art, leaves the place, goes and offers himself and his service to his prince or king, thereby becomes an officer, or fighter for his king and country ; and by long experience perfects himself in that great art ; for the art of war here is not to be understood easily ; it contains many things difficult to be known, and very much preferable to the practice of Turks and Persians. See, O mighty king, it is not by strength of arm, that these nations are called conquerors, but by wisdom and art. Here every thing is by art and wisdom ; for without wisdom the land is not land ; and the nations that dwell therein are blind and unhappy. According to the Old Testament, which saith, God made the heaven and the earth by his infinite wisdom ; therefore God loveth wisdom for this reason. I say, whosoever followeth wisdom, he is dear, or beloved of God ; for from wisdom proceedeth all manner of goodness ; also, a man is not mighty without wisdom, nor wise without righteousness. The ancient Romans, who were
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so great, gave laws, and subdued all nations of the world : this was by art and wisdom, before our Saviour, although they were heathens and idolaters ; but they were virtuous, and lived in good morals. Another example, Peter the Great, of Russia, who could not be so great a warrior, and his country could never have been so blessed, and flourished, had not he come over here to learn wisdom, who, when he was in Holland, served in a place of ship-building, like one of the labourers, and humbled himself therein : whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted, &c. And when he returned into his own country, he was full of all manner of wisdom, by which he made himself father, as well as lord and king, over his country. These are things which have made the people of Europe to be conquerors, and to be esteemed more wise than all the nations upon the face of the earth ; for amongst them are learned men, who study the way in which God has made all things according to their nature, by which they are able to do things of great wonder and usefulness. They send likewise into every part of the world, at a great expence, for to learn all things that are produced upon or under the earth, by which they are increased in wisdom and riches ; their cities are very great, their people are very happy, not being afraid of famine or dangers, and they are under excellent laws, by which no man is suffered to do wrong to another, though he is weak or poor. But this nation, this great and mighty nation, O my king!

king! where I live, is not only a great and wise nation, but also destroyers of the devourers of mankind. I am surprised to see, that even the sheep in this country rest in quietness without the least fear of wolves. May the great God grant your majesty's subjects to follow their examples, to grow wise and conquerors, under the wisdom and courage of your majesty, to whom God grant long life, to trample your enemies like dust under your feet.

May it please your majesty to know who your servant is, that raises his head to speak to you, and takes pains to know these things with much labour, for your majesty's service, to whom God grant victory. The name of your servant is Emin, the son of Joseph, the son of Michael, the son of Gregory, who is descended from Emin, who, in the day when Armenia was broke under the battle-axe of Shaw Abbas, was Minbashy in his country; but he was made captive, with others, and was carried into Persia, and placed at Hamadan; from him your majesty's servant is come, and he is called of his name, being born at Hamadan; but our captivity was grievous under the Persians, who, since Mahometanism, which is well known to your majesty, are grown quite barbarians, not being so civilized as they were in antient times, (according to the histories I have read in this blessed island) so that my father flew from Hamadan, in the time of Shaw Thamas Kouly Kan, into India, to a place called Calcutta, where the English have a fort, and soldiers,

diers, and a great trade, though their country is seven months voyage from Bengal; there my father made himself a merchant to this day; and would have made me such as himself, but I did not submit to him; for I enquired of my fathers from my infancy, the reason why we were persecuted by infidels? and why we did reside so contemptibly amongst lawless nations? but they made me no answer, and my heart was grieved, and I had none to comfort me in my griefs; for I said, the ants that creep upon the earth have a king, and we have not; and the nations of all countries make their laugh upon us, also persecuting, saying to us, that you are masterless; you have no king of your own, and that you resemble the Jews scattered upon the face of the earth; you have no love for one another; you are without honour; and by the disunity of your nation, all the nations insult you; you are contemptible, and without zeal; and you are as great lovers of money, as the heathens did love their gods. I could not bear all these reflections, whilst I grieved, and found none to heal me. I observed watchfully the Europeans, their wise customs, and their shipping, far better both for sailing and for war, than the ships of the Indians; and above all, the practice of their soldiers, who, if they were thousands of men, by one word of command from their officers, instantly all together move and act, as if they were one man. Then I thought in my mind, that it was God that had put it in my heart to think on all things.

things. Therefore, I spoke not to my father, but had hopes in my heart, that if I went to England, I should learn the art of war, and I was encouraged, for I then heard a little, and not much of your majesty's name, until I came here, where I learned that your majesty was established in your kingdom, and had routed a great army of Persians. See! O my king, what great thing the wisdom is, by which this nation know our country better than we do; and that this nation are awake, and we are asleep. On board the ship I worked like a sailor; and afterwards, when I came here, was so reduced, that I was forced by hunger, to offer myself to sale upon the Exchange, to be sent into the new world. Oh! my king, do not pity Me; no, not even at that time when you hear, or see me sacrificed in your service, but pity those servants of Christ, who deserve pity; but the omnipotent God saved me by the hands of an Englishman; and the same God who heard the crying of my heart, did put it into the heart of a generous nobleman, who is one of the pillars of the throne of England, to assist me. He made me right in the counsel of my heart; he made me known to the son of the king of England; he sent me to the place of education, where I learnt the art of war, according to wisdom.

My ambition is to lay my knowledge at the feet of your majesty, and to serve you in the best of my ability. For know, O my king, that what is not built on knowledge, though it is very strong and lofty,

lofty, is as if it were built upon sand; therefore, my purpose is, to go well instructed into your majesty's service, and to carry with me men skilful in all things, (if you give me encouragement,) to strengthen and polish your kingdom, like the kingdoms of Europe: for you have a good country, and command over many brave men; and if you could gather the Armenians, a rich and trading people, who are scattered to the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, under the protection of your majesty's arms in your own country, no kingdom in the east would be like your kingdom, for riches and glory. May the eternal God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, sharpen your scymitar upon all your enemies, and strengthen the wrist of your majesty's right hand, to protect our distressed nation, according to the wishes and labours of your servant.

NANCY.

I declare I find myself exceedingly interested in this poor man's fate. Did he succeed, sir? Did he contribute to enlighten his nation, and to spread that knowledge which he had suffered such hardships to acquire?

MR. EGERTON.

I don't know, my dear; I wish I could inform you. I would give any thing to know the success of his labours. Alas! I am afraid he would find but few of his countrymen actuated by the same disinterested and patriotic spirit.

CHARLES.

C H A R L E S.

And did he write those letters himself, sir?

W I L L I A M.

Yes, brother ; you see here in a note, that the letter to the Duke of Northumberland is printed from the original in Ameen's own hand-writing, the character remarkably fair, and even mercantile, and the other is translated from the Armenian.

D I A L O G U E X.

M R. E G E R T O N (*To Mrs. Egerton.*)

W E will now, my dear, return, if you please, to the subject you proposed, and read the account of Mrs. Louisa Darbach, or rather Louisa Karsch, for that is her name by her last husband, and the one by which she is known among the literati of Germany.

M R S. E G E R T O N.

With all my heart, my dear ; and I think it a-propos, as there seems to be some affinity between your poor Armenian and Madam Darbach. They
both

both possessed a perseverance which no difficulties could overcome ; both were superior geniuses, and both were protected and patronized by the great, and they both deserved patronage.

MR. EGERTON.

Yes, yes ; a writer like our friend Plutarch would draw a number of parallel circumstances. When I intended to introduce this subject to you, my children, I purposed to inform you of the great estimation, in which learning and learned men have ever been held, and this I shall now resume. As a spur to your industry in this particular, I must inform such of you as have not made the observation yourselves, that to be illiterate now among people of a certain rank, is to be despised. I would by no means persuade you to become writers, unless you feel an irresistible impulse, and find that those whose judgment is established approve your efforts, and encourage you to proceed. Then, if with energy and genius you can by your writings warm the heart, and incite it to virtue, I know no character more useful, more respectable, or which I would rather see you assume. But this is a difficult task, and only to be accomplished by a few.

The just renown which has been acquired by the exertions of genius, affords a pleasing retrospect to the emulative mind. Barbarians, kings, and conquerors, have given the most honourable testimonies of respect to learning. “ I dwelt, saith Martinus,
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in the city of Venxus, when it was sacked by the Tartars. I fixed over the fairest gate of my house a red paper, long and broad, with an inscription, signifying, *HERE DWELLS THE EUROPEAN DOCTOR OF THE DIVINE LAW.*—At the entrance of the great hall I placed my largest and best bound books, my mathematical and optical instruments, &c. by which means I not only escaped the violence and plunder of the common soldiers, but was caressed by the Tartarian viceroy.”

When Alexander the Great found among the spoils of Darius a casket of inestimable workmanship, embellished with gold, pearls, and precious stones, he kept it as a case for the works of Homer.

When Menander, the comic poet, travelled between Egypt and Macedon, he was attended by ambassadors and a fleet, the kings of these places thinking they could never do him sufficient honour.

Magdalene, wife of Lewis XI. of France, when she saw Alanus fast asleep, who was an old hard-favoured, but learned man, she approached softly and kissed him. The ladies that attended her laughed, but she replied, “It is not his person I bear this reverence and respect to, but the divine beauty of his soul.”

These kind of instances, my children, are almost innumerable: however, I shall only cite another, and that, because it contains a pathetic description of the death of a most extraordinary and celebrated man. This was Archimedes, the mathematician, who

who by the profundity of his knowledge, and the inexhaustible resources of his imagination, defended the ill-fortified city of Syracuse against a most powerful fleet and army. This city was deemed indefensible, and its riches were known to be immense; the Romans sat down before it, therefore, with the expectation of a speedy surrender and prodigious plunder. Archimedes alone suspended its fate. He destroyed their men: he demolished their shipping. He so united the powers of mechanism, that he raised their vessels into the air, and then let them dash to pieces by the violence of their fall. He made use of burning-glasses, which, at the distance of some hundred yards, set the Roman ships and wooden towers on fire. At last, however, the town was taken, on a great festival, by surprize, and the inhabitants put to the sword. Previous to the sack, Marcellus, the Roman general, had given strict orders to spare Archimedes, but cruel and inexorable destiny had otherwise decreed. A Roman soldier had broke into his house, with his sword drawn, and demanded who he was. Archimedes, intent probably upon some new discovery, and anxious to preserve a mathematical figure, which he had drawn in the dust, instead of answering the soldier's question, called out to him not to spoil his circle. The warrior understood not circles; he thought himself scorned, and ran Archimedes thro' the body!

Let us now return to Louisa Darbach.

EMULA-

E M U L A T I O N.

An Account of Madam LOUISA DARBACH,
a famous German Poetess.

THIS prodigy in the literary world was born in the year 1722, upon the borders of Lower Silesia, between Zulichau and Crossen, at a small hamlet called Nammer. Her father, being a brewer and alehouse-keeper, was the principal of seven poor inhabitants, but died whilst she was still a child, not above seven years old. Her grandmother's brother, an old man of good understanding, who lived in Poland, had taken her home to his house a few months before this happened, and taught her to read and write. This is the uncle to whom one of the poems in the printed collection is addressed. She continued with him about three years, and then returned to her mother. The misfortunes which constantly attended her, until she was near forty, began at this period. Her first employment was the care of her infant brother; but she soon quitted that, in order to attend upon three cows, which was her parent's whole stock. The first signs of her natural inclination to poetry had then just made their appearance, by an uncommon desire to sing. She knew a hundred church hymns by heart, and sung them at her work, or whilst watching the cattle. Her inclination soon prompted her to write verses,

but she does not at present recollect any part of that first essay of her uncultivated genius, which was accidentally assisted by a neighbouring shepherd, who, although separated by a small river, continued nevertheless to lend her a few books. Robinson Crusoe, the Asiatic Banise, a German romance, and the Arabian Nights Entertainment, composed the whole of her library. She read these with great pleasure, and her time passed away very agreeably. But this happiness was soon at an end, being obliged to return to her former attendance upon children; with which, and other laborious employments of a servant, she reached her seventeenth year. Her next step was matrimony; and the husband her mother provided her, being a wool-comber by profession, obliged her to prepare all the wool which he used; besides which she had the whole business of the house to manage, and could find no time to indulge her natural propensity to writing verses and reading, except a few hours on a Sunday, but took that opportunity to write down the poems she had composed at her work. After having been married nine years, she was released from this drudgery by the death of her husband; but her mother soon engaged her to another, who was much worse than the former. This was the most unfortunate part of her whole life, as she felt with this second husband all the hardships of an unhappy marriage, and great poverty. But even in these circumstances nature had a surprizing influence over the genius of our poetess.

poetess. She got to the sight of some poems written by a clergyman, named Schonemann, who is well known at Berlin to have been at times affected, after a violent fever, with a sort of madness, during which he always spoke and preached in verse: although the bulk of this extraordinary man's performances rather indicated a disordered imagination, than the inspiration of the Muses; our poetess found nevertheless in those she saw something which greatly excited her genius.

She now became more desirous than ever to follow the natural bent of her disposition, but wanted both time and opportunity: she was, however, at last encouraged by several persons to proceed, and particularly by Professor Meyer, of Halle, who was no otherwise acquainted with her, than by having seen one of her poems. In gratitude to her first patrons and benefactors, who were chiefly inhabitants of Transtadt, in Poland, the place where she then resided, she mentions their names in the preface. M. Korber, of Great Lissa, was the first who committed any of her performances to the press. These productions of her genius were only small sparks of that half-extinguished fire, which the Muses had kindled in her. The King of Prussia's victories gave her force to overcome all obstacles, and the flames which had till then been smothered, blazed out at once. She removed to Great Glogau in the year 1755, with her husband and children, and gaining admittance to a book-seller's

feller's shop, read many poetical and other performances with much pleasure, but without any order or settled plan. The use Mrs. Darbach has made of this cursory reading, and how easily she retained the most material parts, appear throughout her poems. She has only read a few books, and those with great expedition; but any person unacquainted with the real fact, would naturally imagine the contrary. The remarkable war which ended in 1764, and her sovereign's exploits, displayed at large the poetical genius of this extraordinary person. The battle of Lowoschutz gave occasion to her first triumphant ode; and she soon afterwards perused the military songs of a Prussian grenadier, some of Ramler's odes, and Mrs. Unzer's poems. Her subsequent productions on the occasion of the King of Prussia's victories, plainly shew the effect they had upon her, and are proofs of a poetical genius already come to maturity. Our poetess continued still, however, oppressed with poverty; but Providence was pleased at last to release her from her very deplorable state, under which few would have been able to have supported themselves. Baron Cottwitz, a Silesian nobleman, who has long been celebrated for many amiable qualifications, became acquainted with her in 1760, as he was travelling through Glogau. His charitable disposition pitied her distress, relieved her from it, and carried her to Berlin. She soon became acquainted with several men of learning, and judges of poetry: her genius then shewed

shewed itself in the greatest lustre; she was universally admired; and it is now her happiness to be caressed at the court of a prince, whose characteristic it is, to be at once the judge and patron of genius. Most of the poems in the present collection have been composed since, and fully explain her character, and the latter occurrences of her life. To the above account, it may not be improper to add a few remarks concerning Madam Darbach's genius, made by the editor in the preface to the collection of her poems, from whence our narrative is taken, and likewise a specimen of the poems themselves, to illustrate these remarks.

Plato, in his discourse called *Io*, lays it down as the character of a true poet, that he delivers his thoughts by inspiration, himself not knowing the expressions he is to make use of. According to him, the harmony and turn of the verse produce in the poet an enthusiasm, which furnishes him with such thoughts and images, as in a more composed hour he would have sought for in vain; who, without design, without art, and without instruction, is arrived at a wonderful perfection in the art of poetry, and may be placed among poets of the first class. It is from this cause she has been more successful in such pieces as she has written whilst her imagination was warm, than in those that she has composed coolly, deliberately, and in leisure hours. The latter always bear some marks of art, and betray the absence of the Muses. Whenever our authoress is

in a particular manner struck by any object, either in her solitary hours, or when she is in company, her spirits immediately catch the flame; she has no longer the command of herself; every spring of her soul is in motion; she feels an irresistible impulse to compose, and with an amazing quickness commits the thoughts to paper, which the Muse inspires her with; and, like a watch just wound up, as soon as her soul is put into motion by the impression the object has made on her, she expresses herself in poetry, without knowing in what manner the ideas and figures rise in her mind. Another and more nice observation of Plato is, that the harmony and turn of the verse keep up the inspiration. Of this truth likewise our authoress is a living instance. No sooner hath she hit upon the tone, as she calls it, and the foot of the verse, but the words go on fluently, and she is never at a loss for thought or imagery. The most delicate turns of the subject and expression arise in her mind while she is yet writing, as if they were dictated to her. Of her extempore performances, we have an excellent specimen in that beautiful ode sacred to the memory of her deceased uncle, the instructor of her infancy, written in the year 1761, at a time when she happened to be engaged in company of the first rank at Berlin. It consists of eight stanzas, of six lines each, of which the third and sixth have nine syllables, the other ten. It seems while she was in this select company, she was touched by a sudden reflection,

fection, with a keen sense of the great difference between her present condition, and her situation in the early part of her life; and of the great obligation she had been under to the good old man, who, by his attention to her understanding, had laid the foundation of her present happiness. Overcome with a sense of this happiness, and with a heart replete with gratitude, she could contain herself no longer, but, before all the company, poured forth the overflowings of her soul (it must have been a very affecting scene) nearly in the following words:

“ Arise from the dust, ye bones that rest in the land where I passed my infant years. Venerable sage, re-animate thy body. Ye lips that once fed me with the honey of instruction, be eloquent.”

“ Oh thou bright shade, look down upon me from the top of Olympus: behold, I am no longer following the cattle in the fields: observe the circle of refined mortals that surround me; they all speak of thy niece’s poems: Oh listen to their conversation!”

“ For ever flourish the broad lime, under whose shade I was wont to cling round thy neck full of tenderness, like a child to the best of fathers, whilst thou wert reposing thyself on the mossy seat, tired as the reaper with the fatigues of a sultry day!”

“ Under yon green arched roof I used to repeat to thee twenty passages in praise of God supreme, though they were much above my comprehension; and when I asked thee the meaning of many a dark

sentence in the Christian sacred records, good man, thou didst explain them to me."

"Like a divine in fable vest, who from the lofty pulpit points out the way that leads to life; so thou didst inform me of the fall of man and the covenant of grace, and I, all raptures, snatched the words from thy lips with eager kisses."

"Thou inhabitant of some celestial sphere, behold the silent tear of joy! may it often roll down my cheeks! If thou canst speak, dear shade, tell me, didst thou ever conceive any hopes of my present fortune and honour, at the time when my eyes were successively engaged in the reading of books every day more improving?"

"When at thy side, on some rosy bank, I sat weaving into chaplets for thy temples the flowers my little hands had gathered, and looking up to thee smiled filial love, did thy soul then presage the good things that are now come to pass?"

"Mayest thou be cloathed with threefold radiance, and mayest thou be refreshed with the emanations of divine complacence more than the souls of thy companions. May every drop of temporal pleasure with which my cup of joy overflows, be rewarded unto thee with continual draughts from the ocean of eternal beatitude!"

MR. EGERTON.

Well, children, what is your opinion of Madam Louisa Darbach?

MR.

MR. WILLIAM.

I think her a prodigy, sir.

NANCY.

And so I believe we all do. For my part, though I have so many instructors, and am taken so much pains with, I am afraid I shall never be half so great a genius.

MR. EGERTON.

Nay, but, my dear, you should never encourage that kind of idea. Neither do I mean you should be vain. You should not arrogantly say, you see nothing extraordinary in such a person: I would have you admire, but not despond. While you wonder you should say, ‘I will likewise endeavour to become famous by my virtues and my talents; I will emulate what I find every body approves.’

FANNY.

Yes; but, papa, as far as I find by this, one can’t be a poetess unless one has a Muse: now I don’t know what that is; I never saw one in my life that I know of, nor do I know where one can get such a thing—Lord, mamma, what makes you all laugh at me so?

MR. EGERTON.

We laugh, my dear, more at the writer who has led you into this error, than at you. The Muse which he talks so familiarly of, as if it were a real personage

personage standing at Madam Darbach's elbow, and telling her what to say next, is an imaginary lady that never had any existence. The expression, however, is become very common, though it is very inaccurate. It only signifies, that the person thus assisted by what is called the Muse or Muses, has a more lively fancy, with greater feelings and facility of composition, than others.

MR. CHARLES.

I have heard you say, sir, when you have been speaking of French poetry and French critics, that notwithstanding they are continually talking so much about nature, truth, and probability, their tragedies and comedies are exceedingly improbable and unnatural, because they make their characters speak extempore in rhyme, but from this account of Mrs. Darbach she has that power.

MR. EGERTON.

Yes, Charles; but there is one thing I must guard you against, which is, that there is a natural propensity in man, when he is speaking of any thing uncommon, to exaggerate, rather than to simply relate facts. I cannot assert that it is so in this instance; but if Mrs. Darbach felt the inspiration she speaks of, that is, if in the midst of a large company she was sensible of no restraint, but was able to burst forth all at once into a strain of extempore poetry, connected in the subject, and regular in the composition,

composition, her talents are indeed miraculous. There are extempore poets among the Italians, the Spaniards, and other nations, whose language is smooth, and where almost every word ends with a vowel: but the compositions of the very best of these, from every account I have heard, would be very dull and insignificant, if committed to writing. The German tongue, like the English, is bold, irregular, abounding with consonants, and requiring great art and nicety, before it can be adapted to the purposes of poetry, so as to give pleasure. I can readily suppose the imagination peculiarly warm at some moments, teeming with imagery, and overflowing with words and ideas; but the instant you lay it under the restraint of certain rules, intricate and severe in their own nature, you disturb its connexions, by dividing its attention. And as to the pretended inspiration spoken of, I think it a chimæra: I mean, that inspiration which seems to insinuate a poet can make beautiful verses in a kind of dream, and without knowing what he is doing. I speak this, children, that you may not be discouraged by comparisons: that you may not conclude you want abilities, because you find them unequal to miracles. However, I would recommend Mrs. Darbach to you, as a very noble example of Emulation.

MRS. EGERTON.

We will now leave this amiable woman, and reverse the picture; for as we wish, my children, to
shew

shew you the honours that are paid to abilities, when virtuously exerted; so likewise it is incumbent on us to describe the melancholy catastrophe of the vicious. It is true, there are instances, too many perhaps, of wicked people, who apparently flourish while they live, and have the happiness to be forgotten when they are dead: but only imagine, my children, what must the feelings of those people be, whose only hope is that men may not discover their crimes at the present, and that their memories may sink into oblivion in future! Consider this, and consider the calm thoughts, the sweet content, and the delightful retrospect of the good, the homage that is paid to them both living and dead, with the certain assurance of having every thing to hope, and nothing to fear; consider these things, and you cannot help being virtuous. But come, let us hear the history of Bianca.

P R I D E.

The extraordinary History of BIANCA, a Venetian Lady, from the French of M. DE LA LANDE.

ABOUT the end of the fifteenth century, Thomas Buona Venturi, a young man of Florence, of a creditable family, but without fortune, went to live with a merchant of the same country, who had settled at Venice. The merchant's house was over-against the back-door of one that belonged to

a noble Venetian, whose name was Barthelemi Capello. In the house of Capello there was a young lady of great beauty, whose name was Bianca. She was watched with great circumspection, but Buona Venturi frequently saw her at the window. He had not the least hope of an interview, yet by a natural, and almost necessary impulse, he did all that could be done in such circumstances, to amuse her, and expressed the passion with which she had inspired him. He was young and amiable; she very soon ceased to be indifferent; and after long negociation, the particulars of which are not related, the lovers found means to accomplish their wishes. Bianca went every night after the family were retired and asleep, to the chamber of Buona Venturi, in the merchant's house, by means of the little back-door, which she left a-jar, and by which she returned before day, without being seen by any body. After this had continued some time, custom made her less cautious, and one night she staid with her lover till the morning was farther advanced than usual: it happened that a baker's boy, who, according to the custom of the country, was taking bread from a neighbouring house to carry it to the oven, perceived the little back-door by which Bianca had come out, to be a-jar, and supposing it to be left open by accident, shut it. The young lady came a few minutes afterwards, and found it fast; in the consternation and distress which this accident produced, she returned to the house she had just quitted, and knocking softly
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at the door, was let in by her lover. Gratitude and love instantly determined him to sacrifice every thing to her safety; he immediately quitted his situation, and retired with the lady to the house of another Florentine, where they remained hidden with the utmost care and precaution, till they found an opportunity of escaping to Florence. At Florence he had a little house in Via Larga, near St. Mark's, and over-against a convent of nuns, of the order of St. Catherine. To this little dwelling he retired with his wife, and lived some time in great privacy, for fear the republic of Venice should, at the solicitations of Capello, cause him to be pursued. Francis Maria, the great duke of Tuscany at this time, was a native of France, the son of Cosmo the First, and father of Mary de Medicis. He had married Jane of Austria, daughter of the emperor Ferdinand, and widow of the king of Hungary. She was a princess of high estimation, but being at this time past her youth, the duke neglected her for other women. One of the officers of his court was the confident of his pleasures, who had a wife not less zealous to render herself useful than himself. The arrival of the fair Venetian was known at Florence, and the rumour of her adventure and her beauty, excited a strong desire in the Duke to see her, to which the great privacy of her life contributed not a little. He used every day to walk before the house to which she had retired, and as she had no amusement but looking out of the window, it was not long before his
curiosity

curiosity was gratified. She was indeed half veiled, but he saw enough to judge of her beauty, of which he became violently enamoured. His confidante perceiving his passion to be unfurmountable, began to concert measures for the gratification of it, and engaged his wife to assist in the project. The misfortunes which Bianca had already suffered, and those to which she was still exposed, gave this good woman a pretence to insinuate that she had something of importance to communicate to her, and for that purpose invited her to dinner. Buona Venturi was some time in suspense whether he should suffer Bianca to accept the invitation; but the rank of the lady, and the need in which he stood of protection, at length got the better of his caution and doubts. Bianca was received with the most flattering kindness and attention; was prevailed upon to relate the story of her distress, and was heard with an appearance of the most tender concern; obliging offers were made her, and pressed with so generous a friendship, that she could not refuse to accept of some presents from the lady. The duke, informed of the success of the first visit, hoped that he might be present at the second. Another invitation was immediately sent to Bianca, and after new marks of esteem and regard, new pity of her misfortunes, and new praises of her beauty, she was asked if she had no desire to make her court to the grand duke, who, on his part, was impatient to become acquainted with her, having already found an opportunity to see
and

and admire her. Bianca had not fortitude and virtue to resist this new honour, which, though she at first affected to refuse, her crafty seducer discovered, by her eyes, that she wished to be urged to accept. Just at this crisis it was contrived that the grand duke should come in, without any appearance of design; and Bianca was charmed with the modesty of his address, the warmth of his praise, and the liberality of his offers. Other visits succeeded, and a familiarity insensibly came on; some presents which she could not refuse from her sovereign, improved the duke's advantage; and the husband himself did not think it prudent to break a connexion which might be at once innocent and advantageous. The duke was not likely to stop short in so good a road; he gained new influence over the wife by advancing the husband, and at last accomplished his wishes so much to the satisfaction of all parties, that, as the Italians express it, he and Bianca and Buona Venturi, made a *triangulo equilatero*. The husband soon became familiar with his new condition, and removed with his wife to a house in the fine street that leads to a bridge over the Arno, called Trinity Bridge. This house is still standing; it is distinguished by the arms of Medicis surmounted by a hat, and belongs at present to the Ricardi family. Buona Venturi solaced himself for the loss of Bianca, by forming new connexions, and associated with the nobility of the country; but a change of fortune so sudden, and so great, rendered him insolent, overbearing,

bearing, and presumptuous even in his behaviour to the duke himself, and created him so many enemies that he was at length assassinated near the bridge that led to his house. The duke and his new mistress were not much afflicted at this accident. She totally lost her reserve and timidity, and appeared in public with a magnificent equipage, setting honour and shame at defiance. Jane, the grand dutchess, was extremely mortified at the conduct of her husband, and provoked by the pride of her rival, yet she suppressed both her grief and resentment, which, however, secretly subverted her constitution, and at length put an end to her life. The death of the grand dutchess opened new views to the ambition of Bianca, who had acquired an ascendancy over the Duke, which rendered him wholly subservient to her will, and she now exerted all her art to induce him to marry her. The cardinal Ferdinand de Medicis, who was next heir to the dukedom if his brother should die without issue, opposed this marriage in vain, and Bianca, in a short time was made grand dutchess of Tuscany. After some time she became very desirous of a child who might succeed the grand duke in his dominions; she caused masses to be said, and astrologers to be consulted, but these, and many other expedients proving ineffectual, she resolved to feign a pregnancy, and introduce a spurious child, of which she would at least have the honour. To assist her in the execution of this project, she applied to a cordelier of the monastery of Ogni Sancti, who

readily undertaking the affair, she feigned transient sickness, nausea, and other symptoms of pregnancy; took to her bed, received the compliments of the court, and the duke himself expressed great satisfaction upon so happy an event. Her pretended reckoning being up, she suddenly alarmed her people in the middle of the night, complained of labour pains, and enquired impatiently for her confessor. The cardinal, who suspected the artifices of his sister-in-law, had her so diligently watched, that he knew all her motions; as soon as he was informed that her confessor was sent for, he repaired to her anti-chamber, in which he walked to and fro, repeating his breviary. The dutchess hearing he was there, sent him a message, intreating that he would retire, because she could not bear that he should hear the cries which might be forced from her by her pains. The cardinal answered, "let her highness think only of her own business as I do of mine." As soon as the confessor arrived, the cardinal ran to him, crying out, "welcome, welcome, my dear father, the grand dutchess is in labour, and has great need of your assistance;" at the same time catching him in his arms, and embracing him, he perceived a jolly boy, just born, which the good father had got in his sleeve. He instantly took the child from him, and cried out loud enough to be heard by the dutchess, "God be praised, the princess is happily delivered of a son;" at the same time shewing him to all that were present. The grand dutchess, enraged almost

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to distraction at this insult and disappointment, determined to be revenged on the cardinal, and the grand duke, whose passion had suffered no abatement, soon gave her an opportunity. They were all three on a country party, at Poggio a' Caino, and eat at the same table. The cardinal was extremely fond of blanc-manger, and the dutchess procured some that was mixed with poison, and had it served up. The cardinal, who had many spies about her, was informed of it. He sat down at table, however, as usual, but notwithstanding the most pressing solicitations of the dutchess, he would not touch the blanc-manger. "Well, said the Duke, if the cardinal will not eat, I will;" and immediately took some into his plate. The dutchess not being able to prevent his eating it without discovering her crime, perceived herself to be undone for ever; and to avoid the resentment of her brother-in-law, the cardinal, she ate the remainder of the poisoned dish herself, and died with her husband.

MR. EGERTON.

So died a grand dutchess, truly deserving the miserable catastrophe her crimes involved her in. Compare, my children, this wretched lady's conduct with that of the countess of Alberti, Louisa Darbach, or a thousand other women, conspicuous for their virtues, and behold the difference. Imagine the
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the corroding passions, doubts, jealousies, and anxieties of the one, and the calm content and secret happiness of the other, and you will, none of you, ever indulge the least inclination to vice.

MRS. EGERTON.

I have so good an opinion of you all, my children, that I think I scarce need point out to you the errors of this unhappy woman's conduct. Had she not indulged her first irregular desires, her life might have been innocent, and her end happy.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

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